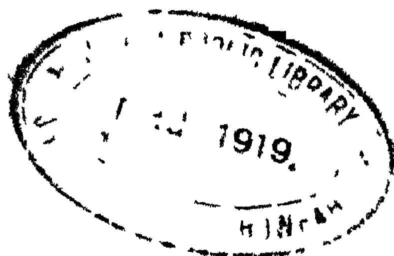
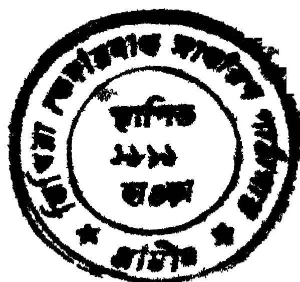
English Literature for Secondary Schools
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THE BOY'S ODYSSEY





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TORONTO

The Boy's Odyssey

By

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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

"Tell me, Muse, of that man of ready counsel, who wandered by many paths, after he had sacked the sacred citadel of Troy, who saw the cities of many men and got knowledge of the mind of many an one; moreover, he endured manifold woes in his heart, upon the sea, in saving his life and achieving the return of his company . . . longing ever for his wife and his homeward way."

These words should attract the attention of every one. They are the opening words of one of the greatest of Epics; they have reference to one whose qualities and acts dominated ancient thinkers and writers, and, through that safe channel, have done much to shape the writings of our own land. They refer to Odysseus the son of Laertes, the waster of cities, who had his dwelling in Ithaca: the steadfast, goodly Odysseus, Odysseus of many counsels, the man of craft and unconquerable hands, the man of deadly purpose, who, when things were at their worst, would "still take counsel in the deep of his heart how all might be for the very best."

Perhaps one of the chief sources of charm in the *Iliad* is to be found in the *number* of its heroes. In the

Iliad we are to consider the famous deeds of *men*, not, as in the *Odyssey*, the *Man* of many counsels. In the *Iliad* we may pick and choose from a crowd. The very names have a charm like music—there are the two Ajaces and Idomeneus, Odysseus and Diomedes, Agamemnon and Menelaus, Patroclus and Achilles, and, over against them—Sarpedon and Hector lowering terribly.

It is very different in the *Odyssey*. Here we have practically one hero only, we have no choice. But what a hero it is! We have Odysseus the wanderer, the man of adventure, the courteous stranger, the crafty plotter of a hundred tricks, but we must never forget that he is one of those glorious heroes who fought around Troy.

We may, then, have opened the *Odyssey* and be peacefully reading on a fine summer day; reading, perhaps of Odysseus as a guest in the court of the Pheacians, the quiet sea-faring people whose business was to convey strangers to their homes. Here he lets drop no hint of his gigantic fame until he is forced to do so. Here he is the man broken by toil and shipwreck, who graciously accepts the kindness so readily given to weary travellers. Then suddenly we remember that this was the man who, in company with Diomedes, sacked the tents of Rhesus, the man of unconquerable hands, the waster of cities the spiller of Troyan blood and the vanquisher of their town. There are few scenes in any book more impressive than that passage which tells us how, late in the evening, before Alcinous and his people, this mysterious courtly stranger arose, and, under strong compulsion, told them his glorious name—"I am Odysseus the son of Laertes, known unto men for all

manner of craft." It comes like thunder in the shadowy halls.

The number of adjectives applied to Odysseus shows how many-sided was his character. He is "wise," "cunning," "full of wiles," "much enduring," "God-like," "glorious," "great-hearted," "famous." Indeed he was a wonderful man, this Odysseus, this polished man of steadfast purpose, with his dark, manœuvring mind.

Let us now consider another aspect of his strange and varied nature—Odysseus the adventurer. He had a perfectly boyish love of adventure, and, like a boy, seemed unable to profit from bitter experience: or, shall we say that he had too much spirit to allow his sad lessons to prevent future enjoyments of the same kind? When he landed at the island of the Cyclopes, for instance, he must needs go bustling up into the interior, though, as he himself owns, he half fore-saw what a dismal pother was to ensue. They go up to view the island. They find the cave of Polyphemus, and examine everything in it, noticing how the pans and pails were full of milk and cheeses. Now observe what follows. "Then my companions spake and prayed me, first of all to take the cheeses and go our ways back, or else, having driven the kids and lambs down to the swift ship, hastily to sail away over the salt sea water. Howbeit, I gave no heed to them (and far better would it have been), but abode *that I might behold the man himself*, and see if he would give me a stranger's gift. Yet he was to be no joy to my companions when he appeared." The truth of the last sentence is very plain, since Polyphemus ate several of those unfortunate companions.

His next adventure happened in the island of the terrible Laestrygonians. They were far more unlucky with the Laestrygonians than they had been with the Cyclops. But what matter?

A still wilder adventure was in store. He was bidden by the goddess Circé to go down to Hell and there to inquire of the Theban Tiresias the way of his return to Ithaca. When Circé told him of this new toil he fell a-weeping and groaning, and says that his heart was broken within him. The adventure, however, is performed with such thoroughness and delight that we cannot pay much attention to his tears and groans! Then, of course, he must hear the sirens sing. Perhaps one of his greatest charms is his love of examining fables—things *he had heard of*—and his joy at finding them to be true. He had heard of the sirens and their song; here were the sirens close at hand, and, whatever the risk their song he *must* hear. He was a man for adventure: adventures were to him as necessary as food and breath to other men. Some quest was always at hand, some new thing to be sought out. One can almost see this weary, patient man roaming hither and thither, over the unharvested deep, past shadowy mountains, through echoing seas, delighted by each new discovery, almost like a child with its toys,—the curious peering eyes staring from the tanned and weather-beaten face.

So far we have considered two sides of the many-sided character of Odysseus. We have dwelt upon Odysseus the *civilized* man, and we have touched upon Odysseus the *adventurer*. We will now spend a little time with Odysseus the *crafty*, that cunning schemer in whom we all delight. It seems strange, perhaps,

to us that Odysseus should pride himself upon what we might regard as his baser quality. He was a man of daring and tried valour. These qualities, I suppose, he looked upon as the necessary gifts of all heroes, and he would expect us to grant them as a matter of course. But *craft* was his peculiar gift, and he prefers to be known as the man of cunning rather than as the man of courage. "I who am known unto men for all manner of craft": this is how he describes himself to Alcinous. The famous trick of the name "No-man" (οὖτις), by which he baffled Polyphemus and robbed him of the help of the other Cyclopes, you will read of in this book. The story is too well known to be dwelt upon here, and I will only call attention to the delight of Odysseus at his success.

"So they spake and went their ways, and the heart of me laughed at the manner in which my *name* and mine utter craftiness had deceived them."

He could invent a story with the most wonderful ease upon the spur of the moment. Here is an instance of this gift. When he was landed, at last, in his own country by the Phaecians he fails, on awakening, to recognize the place. He sees a youth—Pallas Athené in disguise—and asks his way. The youth tells him where he is, and Odysseus gives an account of his own adventures. "Yet he spake not the truth, but twisted his speech into falsehood, for in his breast was a heart of great and gainful counsel." To those of us who know the actual events which had befallen him, the account that follows, with all its elaborate falsehood, makes us wonder and laugh! Pallas Athené, who, of course, had recognized him and knew him well, was not deceived,

but was pleased at this proof of his guile "So he spake, and the goddess grey-eyed Athené, smiled and stroked him with her hand and spake unto him winged words: 'Crafty must he be and a weaver of wiles who would vanquish *thee* in any subtilty.'"

Another instance of this wonderful power of story-telling occurs a little later, when Odysseus is giving an account of his adventures to Eumaeus the swineherd I will only say that in this case he showed even more wonderful powers of invention, and, I fear, that his inventions had little or nothing to do with what had really happened Can we excuse him for this deceit? Perhaps not, but we must consider that he was in desperate straits, and that he was here relying on his own cunning to find a way of deliverance And we must remember that craft and cunning were his own especial and peculiar gift

We must now glance at Odysseus the *warrior*

For several years past there had been great revelry at the house of Odysseus in Ithaca Thither had assembled the flower of the youth of that and neighbouring islands. the lordly wooers, young men of high courage, many of them of considerable skill in battle, all of them reckless and forward They were rivals for the hand of Penelope, the wife of Odysseus, who, twenty years ago, had sailed to Troy and had perished there, or had suffered shipwreck and death on his journey homewards. So, at least, they all supposed, nor did it once occur to any of those proud knaves who wasted his substance and did evil and cruel deeds at his board, that Odysseus himself, disguised and unknown. insulted and robbed, Odysseus the Arch-terror, might in that very hour be

sitting in his house, in their very midst, brooding evil in the deep of his heart. Therefore in utter security these wooers feasted and revelled the live-long day, for Odysseus was now no more than a dream, and his image had vanished out of the city. Even the strangers who came there were now made the victims of insult and cruelty, for the old master, kind to his servants and gracious to his guests, was gone never to return, and all the kindly customs of the house were changed. In the good old days a needy and sorrowful man was sure of a welcome, but now the sight of an ancient beggar-man, stricken with sorrow, stirred no pity, but rather caused anger or mirth, for the wooers would hurl things at him, stools or pieces of bone or meat, and would "laugh sweetly together" at his discomfort and their own poor jests.

One day there came to the house of Odysseus such an old beggar. He was clad as any of his class would be. He had a vile wrap and a doublet, garments torn and filthy and stained with foul smoke, and he carried a staff and a tattered scrip fastened with a cord. He expected, doubtless, to meet with a reception suitable to his dismal condition, but as he went through the house, craving meat—as was the custom of beggars—he was bitterly reviled by Antinous, chief of the wooers, who should have known better, being a leader among men. This Antinous, indeed, soon smote the wretched creature with a footstool, an act so shameless that even the other wooers were moved to rebuke him, while, as for the beggar, he stood firm as a rock in spite of his age and misery, nor reeled beneath the blow, but shook his head in silence and kept his thoughts to himself.

There used to come daily to the house a loutish, large-limbed vagabond named Arnaeus, but called "Irus" by the wooers. He used to run on errands. Now this Irus had commended himself to his masters by his vices, being an uncouth clownish beast, a gross feeder and a great drinker. His manners towards those whom he considered weaker or less popular than himself were the manners of an insolent, ignorant bully. Such a man was soon likely to pick a quarrel with any luckless and penniless stranger, and he lost no time in forcing on a dispute with the wretched visitor. The wooers, of course, were delighted at such a chance of seeing a fight, and incited the two to combat. All the chances seemed in favour of the gigantic Irus, but the rags of the stranger could not quite hide his huge thigh and his mighty arms, a sight which caused remarks and a good deal of wonder. The battle lasted a very short time. At the first blow of the stranger, Irus was almost dashed to pieces—his neck half dislocated and his jaw broken. And yet the strange beggar-man had only smitten with half his strength. At this end of the combat "the haughty wooers flung up their hands and fairly died with laughter." But though this fight of the strange beggar-man pleased the wooers they soon forgot it, and began again to insult and abuse him. "Wretched beggar," they would call him, "death's head at the feast", and so continue loading him with insult as before. In fact this stranger seems now to become a source of dread to them. There was something about him which made them afraid. He was so silent, he would sit there saying nothing, but only shake his head when they abused him; he seemed like a bird of ill-omen, "a death's head at the feast."

The wooers by now seemed to be bewitched by some evil spell, and the strange beggar-man, in some mysterious way, is the source of all their trouble. I will quote a short passage to show what I mean. "So spake Telemachus, but Pallas Athené stirred unquenchable laughter among the wooers and confounded their understanding: and they laughed so that they knew not themselves with their grinning jaws. And the meat that they were eating dripped with blood, and their eyes were wet with tears, and their soul full of mourning. Then Theoclymenus, the god-like, spake among them: 'O wretched men, what heaviness is this that ye suffer? For your heads are covered with night, and your faces and your knees likewise darkened. And the voice of lamentation is heard in the midst, and your cheeks are wet with tears.' So spake he, and at once they all laughed sweetly at him." No doubt they laughed, but we know quite well that the laugh was forced and unnatural. Something had come to disturb their peace—there was a hornet in the bee-hive!

But a new concern was soon to engross the attention of all. Penelope had at last declared her mind. "Whosoever of the wooers," said she, "should be the first to bend and string the great bow of Odysseus, and shoot the bolt through twelve axes,[1] fixed at intervals along the hall, him would she consent to take as her husband." But, alas! not one of the proud wooers was strong enough even to bend and string that huge, obstinate

[1] "To shoot through axes" is a difficult phrase. Perhaps the axes had open-work blades as thus [figure] Such designs were not unknown to antiquity.

thing, much less shoot an arrow from it. For that bow had been fashioned for mightier hands than theirs, and these bold princes, goodly men though they were, found themselves unfit for the task of using a weapon that had been as a toy in the hands of that fell lord who had perished after the taking of Troy, and whose home they were dishonouring. At length Antinous urged that the trial should be put off until the following day, and to this they all agreed. But this painful scene was not to be so ended. That stranger, that poor abused beggar-man, had been noticing everything with hidden glee, and now made a humble petition that *he* might be allowed to try his strength. "Come, give *me* the polished bow that before you all I may make trial of the strength of my hands, to know whether the might that was once in my supple limbs abides with me still, or whether my wanderings and poor fare have, by now, wasted it." This request, naturally, was greeted with a storm of derision and anger. But Penelope pleaded that the beggar should be given a trial, and Telemachus, too, leapt up and commanded with authority that the beggar's prayer *shall* be granted to atone for his past ill-usage. In the same breath, he bids his mother, Penelope, to retire to her own chamber. Meantime the stranger, amid the scoffs and insults of the wooers, began to handle the weapon, and, in a moment, "and without effort he bended the great bow and tied the string, and at his touch the string rang sweetly, like the cry of a swallow. At that the wooers were filled with great grief, and the colour left their cheeks, and Zeus thundered mightily giving forth his signs. Afterward, with good aim, he let fly the arrow, and missed not one of the

axes, and he spoke unto Telemachus and said: 'Truly I hit the mark, nor did I grow weary with long labour at bending the bow; but surely it is now the hour that the feast be prepared, *for yet more sport is ordained before the sun go down.*' At that he suddenly rent his rags from off him and, with the bow, he leaped upon the great threshold, and the quiver was full of arrows. And there he poured forth the swift bolts at his feet and spake among the wooers: 'Behold now this brave trial is ended at last: let me now aim at another mark, if peradventure I may strike it and Apollo give me glory.' Therewith he aimed the bitter arrow at Antinous."

As Antinous lay grovelling in his death pangs on the floor, the wooers, shaken with horror and anger at what they supposed to be an accident, reviled the clumsy beggar for his reckless shooting. "Stranger," they cried, "thou shalt repent this shooting of men!" Then the stranger looked fiercely on them and spake: "*Ye dogs!* ye said in your hearts that I should never more return from the land of Troy. Therefore ye robbed my house, ye traitors! and wooed my wife while I was yet alive, but now are ye holden with the chains of Death, one and all, nor is there any escape."

Then followed a hideous carnage in the halls; and, amid the falling tables, the crashing seats, the tumult and the slaughter, it was revealed to the cowering wooers that Odysseus, in the twentieth year, had at last—at last, come home.

Those unhappy wooers, bold men enough, were swept away like chaff before the wind when the old Hero reappeared. What could they do against this hard and seasoned fighter, who had dealt destruction round Troy,

who had sacked the tents of Rhesus, who had planned the trick which ended in the capture of the town? And here we have Odysseus the *warrior*.

But, to go back to what we said at first—how wonderful a person he was, how many-sided! We see him, now, as the civilized and polite stranger, we meet him, next, as the adventurer, we read of him, again, as the man of craft, and, all the time, we are struck by his *steadfastness*. He endures all rebuffs he persists. Nothing can daunt him, nothing can make him afraid. The *Iliad* has many heroes, the *Odyssey* only one, but he is one well worth knowing No writer since, of any period, has invented so wonderful a character. Therefore we have thought it worth while to spend some time in dwelling upon the famous figure whose nature and whose deeds you will read of in this book Of all the stories, plays, or poems that have ever been written none have described a Hero more notable, few a hero that can compare with Odysseus

Indeed, we may add that much of the best that has been written since would never have been written at all had this wonderful character never been invented and that wonderful poem never been written

There is one question which you will ask, and which we would answer if we could. "Did Odysseus really exist?" We must plainly say that we cannot tell. But that is better than roundly stating that no such person ever did exist!

We have already mentioned the *Iliad*. That poem was written long and long ago - perhaps 850 years before the birth of Christ! That it contains a kernel of truth amidst a mass of legends is probably true Now, the

Odyssey—the substance of this book—was, we think, written later than the *Iliad*. The *Iliad* tells of the siege of Troy; the *Odyssey* describes the adventures of Odysseus on his way back from Troy. It is a sequel to the *Iliad*. There are, however, strong reasons for supposing that this legend of a Wanderer—someone very like Odysseus—existed even before the legend of the siege of Troy, and we believe that some writer made use of this story and fitted it in, as a sequel, to the story of the *Iliad*. This may, perhaps, seem to be a rather disappointing answer to the question. It is, however, the best we can devise, and you will some day learn that many important questions can be answered only in this rather unsatisfactory manner. But let us make the best of it! We know that most, if not all, legends have a good deal of truth behind them. Why should not this legend have much truth behind it? More truth, very likely, than other legends!

What is the main difference between Human beings and Animals? Animals remain as they are, we do not. The chaffinch makes an excellent nest, but never can improve it or alter her methods. But Human beings move and change and search out other lands. They dwelt in caves once, but have improved since and built houses. So our race is ever on the move, always seeking out some new thing, and Adventurers go forth from home and set their sails for other climes. That is, probably, the most important piece of truth upon which this legend depends. We love adventure. Odysseus, or someone like him, was, perhaps, among the first of those who felt this craving and acted upon it. But he has left many descendants, men nearer our own time,

who, in a greater degree than ourselves, were stirred by the same desire. "Why," we may ask, "did Drake go sailing round the world? Why did Stanley go to Africa? Why did Nansen strive to pierce the frozen North?" Why? Because we all love adventures Let us then read this story of the best and earliest Adventurer that ever sailed the seas.

T S PEPPIN

I

THE WANDERINGS OF ODYSSEUS

MORE than twelve hundred years before the birth of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, a great war was being carried on between the Greeks,—who came from the Peloponnesus or Southern Greece, now called the Morea,—and the Trojans, who lived at Troy on the sea coast of Asia Minor, near the Dardanelles.

The cause of the war was this. The gods of Greece lived in magnificent palaces, built of pure white marble and gold, on the top of Mount Olympus, on the borders of Thessaly and Macedonia. The chief god was *Zeus* (Jupiter), "the loud thundering," who ruled over all the others. His wife was

"the golden-throned," "white-armed" Here (Juno), and his daughter the wise Athene (Minerva), who was born in a strange fashion.

One day Zeus had a very bad headache, so he called Hephaistos (Vulcan, the Blacksmith God), and told him to split his head open with an axe, which he did; and to their great astonishment Athene leapt out of Zeus's head, clad in bright armour, with a lance in her hand. Athene was Goddess of War, and also of Wisdom.

The other gods were *Apollo* "of the silver bow," god of the Sun, which he drove in a golden chariot; and his twin sister *Artemis* (Diana) the Virgin Huntress, and Protectress of all animals; *Poseidon* (Neptune), god of the Sea, who carried a large three-pronged fork, called his Trident; *Pluto*, the god of *Hades*, the lower world, whither the Spirits of the Greeks went when they died; *Hermes* (Mercury, "the slayer of Argos"), who acted as messenger of the other gods; *Hephaistos* (Vulcan), the Blacksmith and Architect, who made Zeus's thunderbolts, the palaces and thrones of the gods on Mount Olympus,

and the arms of illustrious heroes. This divine artificer was lame, for his mother, Here, who did not like him much because he was weak and ugly, took him by the leg and threw him out of heaven to the earth and broke his leg. *Ares* (Mars), the god of war, who delighted in battles and bloodshed.

As I have said Here and Athene were the most mighty of the godesses; but *Aphrodite* (Venus), the daughter of Zeus, was also a very powerful being. She was the goddess of love and beauty. Here and Athene were also very handsome, and these three quarrelled—each claiming to be the most lovely.

So they determined to appoint a judge, who should decide which of them was the fairest. They chose *Paris*, the son of King Priam of Troy, a beautiful prince, who took care of his father's sheep on Mount Ida, near Troy.

So the three goddesses went and stood before Paris on Mount Ida and told him to judge between them, and to give a golden apple to the fairest. Here whispered to him

that if he would give the apple to her, she would make him a powerful king; Athene promised to make him the wisest of men; but Aphrodite said she would give him the loveliest woman in the whole world for his wife. So Paris was foolish enough to give the apple to Aphrodite! Here and Athene went off in a furious rage, and declared that they would destroy Troy and all the Trojans.

Aphrodite was much pleased at getting the apple, and set about finding the most beautiful lady upon earth. She found that this was *Helen*, daughter of Zeus and *Leda*, and wife of *Menelaus*, King of Sparta, in Greece.

So Aphrodite told Paris to go and stay at the Court of Sparta, and then she would make Helen run away with him to Troy. Paris was kindly received by Menelaus and Helen. He tried to persuade Helen to leave Greece with him and go to Troy. She was very unwilling at first to leave her home and her husband and her little daughter *Hermione*, but the goddess Aphrodite said: "You *must* go with Paris, for I have pro-

mised him the fairest wife." So poor Helen went to Troy.

Menelaus was a great Greek king, and there were many other kings in Greece. There was *Agamemnon*, King of Argos and Mycenæ, a brother of Menelaus; there was the old King of Pylos, *Nestor*, the wisest of men; there was *Achilles*, King of the Myrmidons, the strongest and bravest of all the chiefs: there was *Ajax*, a mighty warrior, strong and burly as a bull; and there was *Odysseus* (Ulysses), very brave, very wise, and very cunning, called "the man of many devices" or tricks, whose curious adventures we are going to relate.

Menelaus called all these and many other chiefs together, and told them how Paris had carried off his wife, the beauteous Helen. They were very angry, and said that this was not to be borne. They agreed that each should take his own troops in ships to Troy, to sack that rich and splendid city and get back Helen.

They sailed, but when they got as far as Aulis, *Artemis* (Diana) stopped the winds,

without which they could sail no farther. They lay for a long time impatient and sick, and then they asked the Priest of Artemis why the goddess was angry and would not give them a fair wind. Then the priest told them the dreadful will of the goddess. She demanded that Agamemnon should sacrifice his fair young daughter *Iphigeneia* on her altar, and that then she would let them go on to Troy with a fair wind.

Agamemnon was in despair at the thought of seeing his darling child slain as a victim, and at first he positively refused. But Menelaus pointed out to him that the Greeks were dying by hundreds of disease and famine, and that they would have to go back to Greece in disgrace, and leave Helen in Troy to Paris

This was explained to Iphigeneia, and she, like a good brave girl, said that she would gladly die for her country. So the poor maiden was offered up to Artemis, who sent a fair breeze, and the Greeks sailed on to Troy, drew up their ships in a row on the sea-shore and began the siege.

But the walls were very strong, for they had been built by two gods, Poseidon (Neptune) and Apollo, and there were many brave warriors in Troy, who could fight as well as the Greek chiefs, and they had many allies. So the Greeks and Trojans fought for ten years, and the city was not taken. At last Achilles killed *Hector*, the noblest and bravest of the Trojan princes, the son of old King Priam, and then all was over for the Trojans.

But even then the Greeks could not get into the city, because the walls were so strong; so they hit on a stratagem or trick. They built an enormous horse of wood and pretended that they were going home without taking Troy. They said they wished, however, to offer this horse to the goddess Athene, and begged the Trojans to let them place it within the walls.

The Trojans foolishly consented, and helped to throw down a part of the wall; and through the breach they rolled in the huge horse, amid shouts of joy.

But beforehand the Greeks had put the

bravest of their leaders into the belly of the horse, and amongst them Odysseus, who had devised the plan.

According to Greek stories later than Homer, which have been copied by Virgil, there was one man in Troy, more prudent and farseeing than his fellow-citizens, who tried to dissuade them from this fatal act. His name was Laocoon, a Priest of Neptune; with his two sons, he rushed to the sea-shore, crying out, "Are ye mad, O citizens! Do ye believe that the enemy have really sailed away? Either the Achivi are hidden in this wood, or it is a machine built for the destruction of our walls. Do not trust the horse, O Trojans, I fear the Greeks even when they bring gifts." So saying he hurled his mighty spear with all his force into the side of the huge monster, from whose belly came forth loud groanings.

And now a new and more horrible portent is seen. Two monstrous serpents with enormous coils came swimming side by side to the shore from the Island of Tenedos, and made direct for Laocoon. And first they

enfold the two boys in their horrid coils and feed on their tender limbs. Then they seize Laocoon himself, who was rushing with weapons to help his sons; they envelope his neck in double folds, defile his sacred garlands with gore and poison, and rise above his head. Vainly he tries to loosen their knots, and raises a dreadful clamour to the stars, like the bellowing of a wounded bull. Then the serpents glide together to the Temple of cruel Tritonis (Athene) and hide themselves at the feet of the goddess, beneath her mighty shield.

In the middle of the night the Greeks came out of the horse, slew the sleeping Trojans, and set the city on fire. This was the end of Troy; and the Greeks took Helen and all the treasures of the rich city, and tried to sail home to Greece.

The Greeks were indeed victorious over Troy, but their troubles were not at an end. The most distinguised of them, Achilles, was slain by Paris. When Achilles was a baby his goddess mother, "the silver-footed" *Thetis*, had taken him by the heel and dipped him in

the River *Styx*, which flows in the lower world called *Hades*. This dipping was supposed to make a person invulnerable; but, unluckily, the heel by which Thetis held him was covered by her hand, and did not touch the water. It was through this heel that Paris shot an arrow, and killed Achilles.

One of the two Ajaces—those mighty warriors—went mad, because he could not get the divine armour of Achilles, and the other having offended Athene by dragging the suppliant Trojan Princess, *Cassandra*, from her Temple, was struck by lightning and drowned.

Agamemnon, the supreme commander of all the Greek army, reached home safely, but was murdered by his wife *Clytemnestra* and *Ægisthus*, who had usurped his throne while he was away at Troy. Menelaus, after many adventures in Egypt and on the sea, reached Sparta safely with his wife Helen, with whom he lived happily till he died.

Odysseus, the principal hero of our tale, had ten years of dangerous adventures to

undergo, after his ten years' fighting before Troy.

When he left his home in the Island of Ithaca, his prudent and beautiful wife the wise *Penelope*, was quite young, and his son *Telemachus* was a baby. He did not see them again for twenty years.

When Odysseus set sail from Troy in his swift black ship, he thought he should soon reach Ithaca, but he was mistaken. The first land he reached was the country of the *Cicones*. There he landed with his men, sacked the city, and carried off the women as slaves. This was the custom of that early age, and was not thought wrong. The Cicones were defeated as long as daylight lasted, but when black night came they called on their neighbour Cicones, who dwelt inland, to help them, drove the Greeks to their ships and slew six of Odysseus's best men.

He and the rest then sailed on, sore stricken at heart, and Zeus sent a fierce north wind and a terrible tempest against them, so that they had to lower their sails into the hold, and lie for two days and two nights,

eating their hearts out with weariness and sorrow.

But when "the rosy-fingered" *Dawn* brought back the full light of the third day, they set up their sails again and launched forth into the deep. But the waves and the current of the sea and a furious north wind drove them from their proper course past the Island of Cythera. For nine whole days they were driven through the stormy sea, and on the tenth day they set foot on the land of the Lotus-eaters, who eat a flowery food.

Odysseus sent two of his men to explore the land. They found the Lotus-eaters, and partook of the honey-sweet fruit. Now whosoever tasteth of the lotus becomes sleepy and lazy, and has no more wish to go back to his ship, but likes to stay in the land to eat lotus evermore and forget everything and everybody. So Odysseus had to drag them back and bind them with strong bonds in the hollow ships. Then he commanded the other men to take their oars and smite the gray sea-water.

They sailed on sorrowful at heart till they

came to the land of the *Cyclopes*, a rude and lawless race of giants, who, trusting to their kinsmen,* the deathless gods, neither plough nor plant their fields: yet all things spring for them in plenty, wheat and barley and vines, bearing great clusters of grapes. And they never meet to make laws, but dwell alone each by himself, in hollow caves on the crests of the high hills; and each one utters the law to his wives and his children, and they care nothing for one another.

Outside the harbour of the land of the Cyclopes was a woodland island, in which there are no cultivated lands, nor flocks and herds, but only innumerable wild goats. In this island there was a fair haven in which the waves are still, and there is no need to cast anchor nor to bind the ship by ropes and hawsers. Some god guided the vessels into this commodious harbour, and as soon as the rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth, Odysseus and his men roamed about the isle. The Wood-nymphs, the daughters of Zeus, started the wild goats

from the hills, that the company might have whereon to sup. So they took their curved bows and lances from the ships, and began shooting the wild goats, and they soon had game in plenty. To each of the twelve ships *fell nine* goats, and to Odysseus alone ten.

When the early Dawn, the rosy-fingered, appeared, Odysseus ordered a gathering of his men, and spake thus to them—

"Abide here all the rest of you, and I will go with my ship and my company to the mainland and see what manner of folk are there."

When Odysseus and his men came to the mainland they saw a cave on the border near the sea, lofty and roofed over with laurels, and a giant of enormous size slept therein. He was not like to any man, but like a wooded peak of a towering hill.

Odysseus chose the twelve best men of his crew and sallied forth towards the giant's cave. He took with him a skin full of delicious red wine which *Maron*, a Priest of Apollo, had given him.

So on they came to the cave, but found not the Cyclops, for he was shepherding his

fat flocks in the pastures. But they went into the cave and looked about them. There were baskets well laden with cheeses, and pens thronged with lambs and kids. And there were vessels—milk-pails and bowls—swimming with curds and whey.

Then his company advised Odysseus to take the cheeses, and drive off the lambs and kids and return with them to the ships. But Odysseus foolishly refused to go, wishing to see the monster, and to receive gifts from him, such as were always given to strangers.

Then they kindled a fire and made a burnt offering and eat some of the cheeses.

Very soon the giant came back driving his flocks and carrying a tremendous weight of dry wood. This he threw down in the cave with a thundering noise, so that Odysseus and his men hid themselves in the holes of the cave. The Cyclops left all the males of the sheep and goats outside, but drove the ewes into the cave and sat down to milk them. When he had done his work and kindled a fire, he saw Odysseus and spake—

"Who are ye? Are ye merchants or sea-robbers?" His terrible voice and monstrous shape frightened them very much; but Odysseus managed to answer "We are Achæans driven by storms from Troy, and we come in hopes that thou wilt give us the gift of strangers Therefore have respect to the gods, for Zeus is the Avenger of Strangers." But the Cyclops answered, "Thou art witless to talk to me of Zeus. We Cyclopes pay no attention to the blessed gods, for we are better than they But tell me where did you leave your good ship?" Then Odysseus answered him falsely and said: "Poseidon, god of the Sea, and Shaker of the Earth, brake my ship in pieces and cast it on the rocks."

The monster made no answer, but sprang up, clutched two of the crew of Odysseus, and dashed them to the earth as if they had been puppies He then cut them up piecemeal for his supper. After he had filled himself with human flesh and pure milk, he stretched himself on the floor among his sheep.

Odysseus and his men wept sore, but could do nothing. At first he thought of plunging his sharp sword into the giant's belly; but how then could they get out of the cave, the entrance of which was blocked by a mighty rock, such as two-and-twenty four-wheeled waggons could not move?

When the rosy-fingered goddess appeared the Cyclops kindled the fire, and milked his goodly flocks Then he seized two more of Odysseus's men, and prepared them for his mid-day meal. After his dinner he easily moved away the great door-stone and drove out his flocks to their pasture, and set the rock in its place again, as one might set the lid on a quiver.

Odysseus, being thus left behind with his comrades in the dark cave, began to ponder how he might take vengeance on the cruel Cyclops, and he formed this plan by the help of the goddess Athene.

There lay in the sheepfold a great club of olive-wood, as big as the mast of a twenty-oared ship, which the monster meant to use for a walking stick. Odysseus told

his men to cut off a fathom's length of this and sharpen it to a point and harden it in the blazing fire. He then hid it under the rubbish and dirt which was scattered through the cave. Then they cast lots to settle which of his men should risk the adventure to lift the bar and thrust it into the monster's one eye, when sweet sleep fell upon him. Four good men were chosen, and Odysseus was the fifth.

The Cyclops came back in the evening, milked his ewes and bleating goats, and seized two more men for his supper as before.

Then Odysseus stood beside him, holding in his hands an ivy-bowl of dark red wine and said—

"Cyclops, take and drink this wine after thy feast of man's flesh, that thou mayest know what manner of drink our black ship held." He took it and drank it off at a draught and found great delight therein, and said—

"Give it me again, and tell me thy name, that I may give thee the customary gifts of

strangers, for this wine is a rill of very nectar."

Thrice did Odysseus hand to him the dark wine, which soon got about his wits. Then Odysseus spake softly to him, saying: "Cyclops, thou askest me of my renowned name; Ὄυτις ('No man') is my name; and do thou grant me a stranger's gift, as thou didst promise."

Then the Cyclops answered out of his pitiless heart: "Noman, I will eat thee last of thy fellows; that shall be my gift to thee!"

Then the monster sank back in a drunken sleep. Odysseus thrust the stake into the hot ashes until it began to glow terribly; and his comrades took it up and thrust it red-hot into the Cyclops one great eye. Odysseus turned it about until it hissed again, and the ball of the eye was burnt away, and the roots thereof crackled in the flame. The monster raised a terrible cry so that the rocks resounded, while he plucked out the fiery brand from the socket of his sightless eye.

He called with a thundering voice to his

brother Cyclopes, who lived in the surrounding mountains, and they came in haste and flocked around him, saying: "What hath so sore distressed thee, Polyphemus, that thou criest aloud in the immortal night? Surely no one slayeth thee by force or cunning!"

And Polyphemus answered out of the cave: "My friends, Noman is slaying me guile, not at all by force." And they answered, and spake winged words: "If then no man is hurting thee, thou canst not escape a sickness sent by almighty Zeus. Pray to thy father, the lord Poseidon (Neptune)." Then they departed, and Odysseus laughed to see how his false name had beguiled them.

Polyphemus, groaning, groped about with his hands as one playing blind man's buff, and then lifted the great stone and sat in the entry with outstretched arms to catch the Greeks if they went out with the sheep. But Odysseus was too cunning for that, and hit on another plan.

He bound three thick fleeced rams "with violet-coloured wool" together with twisted

withies, and under each middle ram one of his company held fast by the fleece, and the other two rams walked one on each side. As for himself Odysseus chose the goodliest young ram of the flock, and curled himself beneath his shaggy belly and clung face upwards, grasping the wondrous fleece, dark as violet, with a patient heart.

When the rosy-fingered Dawn appeared the rams hastened forth to their pasture. And Polyphemus felt the back of every one as he went out, and never guessed that they were carrying Odysseus' men beneath them. Last of all came the ram, burdened by the weight of Odysseus and his own thick wool. And Polyphemus laid his hand on him, and spake—

"Dear ram, why art thou the last to go forth, who wert ever wont to be the first to pluck the tender blossom of the pasture, and to go to the streams of the rivers? Surely thou art sorrowing for the eye of thy Lord, whom an evil man hath blinded; even Noman, who hath not yet escaped destruction."

Then he sent the ram forth bearing

Odysseus, who, when he had got a little way from the cave, loosed himself and set his companions free. And they drave the flock to the sea and cast them on board the ships, and sitting orderly on the benches smote the gray sea with their oars.

But when they had gone as far from land as a man's shout could be heard, Odysseus foolishly cried to Polyphemus, mocking him—

"Cyclops, he was no weakling whose fellows thou didst eat. Thine evil deeds were sure to find thee out, thou cruel man, who hadst no shame to eat thy guests."

And Polyphemus was yet more enraged, and brake off the peak of a great hill and threw it at them, and it fell in front of the dark-prowed ship. And the sea heaved with the fall of the rock, and the backward flow of the wave drave the ship to the land. Odysseus pushed it off again with a long pole, and motioned to his men to dash in with their oars.

But when they had got twice the former distance Odysseus would fain speak again, but his men stayed him on every side with

soft words: "Foolhardy that thou art, why wouldst thou rouse a wild man to wrath, who has cast so mighty a rock and brought our vessel back to the land?"

But Odysseus would not listen to them, so angry was he; and he called again to Polyphemus, and said: "If any mortal man shall ask thee about thine eye, say that it was Odysseus that blinded it, 'waster of cities,' son of Laertes of Ithaca." The Cyclops answered: "Telemus, son of Eurymus, a noble soothsayer, told me long ago that I should lose my sight by the hand of Odysseus."

Odysseus answered: "Would that I were as sure to send thee to the House of Hades (Pluto) as I am that even the Earth-shaker shall not heal thine eye."

Then the Cyclops took up a far greater rock, and hurled it close to the dark ship, and all but struck the rudder; but the wave drove on the ship to the farther shore of the island, where were the other ships.

Then Odysseus sacrificed the ram to Zeus, who dwells in the dark clouds, and made a

great feast; but Zeus did not grant his prayer, but was devising doom for his ships and his dear company. Then they lay down to rest. But when the rosy-fingered Dawn appeared they embarked, and smote the gray waters with their oars.

II

THE ISLAND OF ÆOLUS

THEN they came to the Æolian Isle, where dwelt Æolus, son of Hippotas, "dear to the deathless gods," in a floating island, with six sons and six daughters. And they feast evermore with their dear father and their kind mother, and all manner of dainties lie ready to their hands.

And Æolus, King of all the Winds, received Odysseus and his company kindly, and entertained them a whole month. When they departed Æolus gave the hero a wallet of oxhide, in which he bound all the noisy Winds, of which Zeus had made him Lord. Then he caused a west wind to blow to bear them on their way. With this favourable breeze they sailed for nine days, and came so near to Ithaca, the home of Odysseus, that

they could see the folk on the shore tending the beacon fires.

Odysseus, weary with watching the bag of winds and his sails, fell asleep. Then his crew talked together, and said: "Our master is bearing home a bag full of gold, which Æolus gave him, while we, who have journeyed with him, have only empty hands. Let us open the wallet and see what treasure it contains."

So they loosed it, and all the winds flew out, and drove them far away from their country, Ithaca. Odysseus was awakened by the tumult of the winds and waves, and was fain to cast himself into the sea, so unhappy was he. But he hardened his heart, and covering his head, lay still in the ship. But the vessels were driven back to the Island of Æolus, and the men went on shore. Then Odysseus went to the halls of Æolus, and prayed the god to help them again. All held their peace, but Father Æolus spake and said: "Get thee forth from the island straightway, for thou art the vilest of living men. Far be it from us to help the man whom the blessed gods abhor."

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So they sailed onwards stricken at heart, and the men were spent with rowing, for there was no more wafting wind. They sailed for six days and nights, and on the seventh they came to the stronghold of Lamos, called Telepylos of the Læstrygonians, where the herdsman who is driving home his sheep at night greets the herdsman who is driving forth his flock in the morning; so that a sleepless man might earn a double wage, so near are the outgoings of the day and night.

Then Odysseus sent two of his company with a herald to search out what manner of men were there. And they fell in with a damsel drawing water, the noble daughter of the Læstrygonian King Antiphates

. They spake to her, and she showed them the high-roofed hall of her father, which they entered, and found his wife, huge in bulk as a mountain-peak, and loathly to their sight. She called to her husband Antiphates, and they contrived a pitiful destruction for Odysseus' men. Antiphates clutched up one of the men, and made him ready for his mid-day

meal, but the two others fled to the ships. Then Antiphates raised the war-cry through the town, and the strong Læstrygones flocked from every side, not like men, but like the giants.

They hurled great rocks at the Greeks, and there arose a din of dying men and shattered ships. And like men spearing fishes they bare home their hideous meal.

Odysseus had wisely moored his own ship outside the harbour, and when he saw the destruction of the other ships he drew his sharp sword, and cut the hawsers, and his men tossed the sea water with their oars, and so escaped death. All the other vessels with all their crews were lost.

They sailed on, stricken at heart, yet glad to be saved from destruction by the prudence of Odysseus, till they came to the Isle Æaea, where dwelt *Circe* "of the braided tresses," an awful goddess of mortal speech, daughter of Helios, the Sun-god, who gives light to all men; and her mother was Pèrse, daughter of Oceanus. They ran their ship silently on to the shore, and then stepped out and lay

for two days and two nights consuming their hearts with weariness and pain.

But when the third day came Odysseus took his sword and spear, and went up a craggy hill from which there was a wide prospect, and he saw the smoke rising from the halls of Circe through the thick woodland. Then he returned to the ships, and on his way he shot a tall antlered stag and brought it to his crew for their dinner.

And on the following morning Odysseus told his men what he had seen. He then divided them into two companies, and appointed Eurylochus to the command of one and himself of the other. They then cast lots which company should go to Circe's house, and the lot fell on Eurylochus. He started with twenty-two men, all weeping. Howbeit no avail came of their weeping.

In the forest glades they found the halls of Circe, built of polished stones; and all around the palace wolves of the hills and lions were roaming about, which she herself had bewitched with evil drugs. Yet the beasts, who were really men, did not hurt the

Greeks, but fawned on them and licked their hands; but the men were frightened by the terrible aspect of the wild creatures.

Then they stood without the gate of the fair-tressed goddess, and within they heard Circe singing in a sweet voice, as she fared to and fro before the great web, such as is the handiwork of goddesses—fine of woof, and full of grace and splendour.

Then Polites, Odysseus' favourite companion, said to his men, "This is either a goddess or a woman. Come, let us cry aloud to her." She heard their voices, and came forth, and opened the shining doors, and bade them come in. And they all went in, except Eurylochus, who feared some treason.

So the goddess led them in and set them upon high seats, and made them a savoury mess of cheese and barley meal and yellow honey and Pramnian wine; but she mixed noxious drugs with the food, to make them forget their own country. When they had well drunk of the cup, she smote them with a wand, changed them into hogs, and shut

them up in the styes; yet their minds remained the same.

Thus were they penned there weeping, with the head and voice and shape and bristles of swine, but the mind and heart of men. And Circe made merry by flinging them acorns and the fruit of the cornel tree, which is the food of the wallowing swine.

Now Eurylochus, who had remained without, went back to the swift black ship; but he was so deeply smitten with grief that for a long time he could not utter a word. But at last, when they had all pressed him, he told them all that happened.

When Odysseus heard it he bade Eurylochus lead him to the palace of Circe. But Eurylochus clasped his knees, weeping, and spake winged words: "Lead me not thither against my will, O foster child of Zeus, but leave me here."

Odysseus answered: "Eurylochus, thou mayest abide here, eating and drinking by the hollow ship; but I will go forth, for it is my duty." So Odysseus went alone through the sacred glades, and was drawing

near the halls of Circe, when the god Hermes (Mercury), "of the golden wand," met him in the likeness of a young man with the first down on his lip, when youth is most gracious. He clasped Odysseus's hand and said—

"Ah, hapless man! whither alone through an unknown country? Wilt thou indeed set thy comrades free? Methinks thou thyself wilt never return. But be of good cheer. I will help thee. Take this herb of virtue to the dwelling of Circe, that it may keep thy head from the evil day. Circe will mix thee a potion and cast drugs into the mess, but this herb will protect thee. When Circe smites thee with her long wand, then draw thy sharp sword from thy thigh, and spring on her as if to slay her. Then she will shrink away and beg for mercy."

Therewith Hermes, "the slayer of Argos," gave Odysseus the herb which the gods call "moly," black at the root and the flower like milk.

Hermes departed to Olympus, and Odysseus held on his way till he came

to the house of the enchantress, and he halted in the portals of the fair-tressed goddess.

Then he called aloud to her and she came forth and bade him enter. She seated him on a goodly carven chair inlaid with silver, and gave him a footstool for his shining feet. She then made him a potion in a golden cup, and put a charm therein. When he had drunk of it, she smote him with her wand and said: "Go thy way to the stye and couch thee with thy company."

Then Odysseus rushed on her with his sword, but she slipped under and clasped his knees with a great cry, and begged for mercy, saying: "Who art thou of the sons of men? There lives no man who is proof against my charm. But thou hast, methinks, a mind within thee that may not be enchanted. Verily thou art Odysseus, 'the man of many shifts.'"

Circe swore a mighty oath that she would not hurt him in any way, and ordered her four handmaids to prepare everything for his comfort and pleasure. These serving women

of Circe are born of the wells and the woods and the holy rivers.

One of them cast goodly purple coverlets upon the chairs, and spread a linen cloth under them. And another drew up silver tables to the chairs, and set thereon golden baskets. And a third mixed sweet gladdening wine in a silver bowl and handed to him cups of gold. And the fourth bare water in a mighty cauldron, and kindled fire beneath it and prepared a bath for Odysseus, which took away his consuming weariness.

Then Circe led him into the halls and set him on a chair, and a handmaid bare water in a golden ewer for his hands, and poured it over a silver basin to wash withal; and to their side she drew a polished table; and a grave dame bare wheaten bread and set it by them, and laid many dainties on the board. And Circe bade him eat, but she found no favour in his sight.

Now when Circe saw him sitting silent, and that he put not forth his hand to the food, she said: "Wherefore, I pray thee, dost thou sit there, speechless, consuming

thine own soul, and touchest not meat nor drink?" Odysseus answered: "Oh! Circe, what righteous man would have the heart to eat and drink ere he had set free his company and beheld them face to face?"

Then she immediately rose from her chair and passed through the halls with the wand in her hand, and opened the door of the pigstye, and drove them all forth in the shape of swine of nine seasons old. And they stood before her, and she went through their midst and anointed each of them with another charm. And lo! from their limbs the bristles dropped away, and they became men again, younger than before and goodlier far and taller.

And they all knew Odysseus again and took his hand, and wistful was the lament that sunk into their souls. The roof around rang wondrously with their pathetic cries. And even the goddess was moved with compassion.

Then Circe addressed him again: "Son of Laertes, Odysseus of many devices, go now to thy swift ship, and draw it upon the

shore, and lay up thy goods in caves; and do thou return again and bring all thy dear companions with thee."

So Odysseus went to the sea-shore and found his men lamenting and shedding big tears; and as the calves in the homestead skip about their dams when these return from the pasture with an endless lowing, so did his companions flock about Odysseus, weeping for joy, and it was to them, as if they had got home to their dear country, the rugged Ithaca.

And they spake to him winged words: "Oh! foster-child of Zeus, we are as glad at thy returning as if we were come to our own land again." And Odysseus answered softly: "Draw up the ship and go with me that you may see your fellows in the halls of Circe, where they eat and drink, for there is continual plenty."

All agreed except Eurylochus, but he said: "Wretched men that we are! shall we go to the halls of Circe to be changed into wolves and lions, and so perish as our fellows did in the cave of the Cyclops?"

Then Odysseus mused in his wrath whether to draw his long sword from his thigh and smite off his head. But his company stayed him on every side, and said: "Let him stay here and guard the ship; but we will go with you to the sacred halls of Circe."

Yet Eurylochus *did* go with them, for he feared the terrible displeasure of his Lord. Meanwhile Circe bathed the rest of the company who had been turned into swine, but were now men again, and anointed them all with sweet olive oil, and cast thick mantles and doublets about them; and Odysseus and the ship's company found their fellows feasting nobly in the palace. And when they saw and knew each other face to face, they wept and mourned, and the house rang around with their lamentations. Then the fair goddess came near to them with comforting words—

"Son of Laertes, Odysseus of many devices, wake no more this plenteous weeping. I know all the pains ye have endured upon the teeming deep, and the great wrongs done

you by unkindly men upon the land. But now eat and drink, for ye are wasted and wanting heart."

So there they sat feasting day by day for the full circle of a year.

Then his dear company came to Odysseus and said: "Good sir, it is high time to remember thy home." And his lordly spirit consented thereto. Then he besought Circe by her knees to fulfil the promise she had made to send him on his homeward way And the fair goddess answered: "Tarry no longer in my house against your will, but first must ye perform another journey to the dwelling of Hades and dread *Persephone* (Proserpine), to seek the spirit of the Theban *Teiresias*, the blind soothsayer."

Thus spake Circe, but the heart of Odysseus was broken, and his soul had no more care to live and to see the sunlight. "And who, Circe," he said, "will guide us on this way? for no man ever yet sailed to Hell in a black ship."

And the goddess answered: "Trouble not thyself for want of a guide, nor linger;

but set up thy mast and spread the white sails, and sit down, and the North wind will bear thy vessel on her way. But when thou hast sailed across *Oceanus*, the River which runs round the Earth, where are the groves of Persephone, beach thy ship, and go thyself to the dank house of Hades. Draw near the meeting-place of the rivers *Cocytus* and Styx, two roaring streams, and dig a trench, a cubit long and broad. And promise on thy return to Ithaca to sacrifice a black sheep to Teiresias, without spot, the fairest of thy flock. And when thou hast sacrificed a ram and a black ewe to the lordly dead, let the blood of the victims fall into the trench, and then the spirits of the lordly dead will flock round the trench, eager to drink the blood."

Odysseus followed the bidding of the fair goddess, and made the sacrifice to Persephone and Teiresias, and the ghosts flocked round from every side to the trench with a wondrous cry. But Odysseus drew his sharp sword and would not let any of the strengthless heads of the dead draw nigh to the blood, till he had word with Teiresias.

The first ghost that came near was Elpenor, one of Odysseus' crew, famous for his rowing, who had fallen from the house-top of Circe's palace. He begged Odysseus to build a barrow for his body when he came to the island Ææa, and plant his oar upon it, wherewith he had rowed all his life.

Then came the soul of Teiresias, the prophet, with a golden sceptre in his hand, and said: "Odysseus, man of many wiles, what seekest thou now, wretched man, and why hast thou left the sunlight and come to behold the dead and a land desolate of joy? draw back thy sword that I may drink of the blood and tell thee sooth."

When the noble seer had drunk of the blood he said: "Thou art asking me of thy sweet returning to thy home; but Poseidon, Shaker of the Earth, will make it hard for thee, because of the blinding of his dear son Polyphemus. When thou shalt bring thy well-built ship to the Island of Thrinacria, fleeing the sea of violet blue, thou wilt find the cattle and the flocks of Helios, the Sun-

god, who overseeth and overheareth all things. If thou dost them no hurt thou mayest reach Ithaca, though in evil case. But if thou slayest them, thou shalt lose all thy company, but thou thyself shalt escape." Then Teiresias went back into the house of Hades.

Then Odysseus saw the shade of his mother Anticleia, and she drank of the blood and then talked with her son Odysseus asked what had been the cause and manner of her death "Did Artemis, the Archer Goddess, slay thee with the visitation of her gentle shafts?" "Nay," she answered, "it was my sore longing for thee, and for thy counsels, great Odysseus, that reft me of sweet life."

Then Odysseus would fain have embraced his dear mother Thrice he sprang towards her and was minded to embrace her, and thrice she flitted from his arms, as a shadow or even as a dream.

Then Odysseus left Hades and returned in his swift black ship to Æaea, where he and his men were kindly received again by Circe.

Then Circe told him all that would happen to him.

"First thou shalt come to the *Sirens*, the two birds with a woman's head, who bewitch all men. Whoso draweth nigh and heareth the sound of their voice, never doth he see wife or babes stand by him on his return, nor have they joy at his coming; for the Sirens enchant him with their clear, sweet singing, where they sit in the mead, and all around is a great heap of bones of men. But do thou drive thy ships past, and knead honey-sweet wax, and fill therewith the ears of thy company, lest any of them hear the song."

"But if thou thyself art minded to hear, let thy men bind thee in the swift ship hand and foot upright to the mast-head, and from the mast let rope ends be tied round thee that so thou mayest safely hear and have pleasure in the Sirens' voice. And if thou shalt beseech thy men to loose thee, let them bind thee with yet more bonds."

"And when thou hast passed by the Sirens, thou shalt come to the Wandering Rocks,

the *Symplegades*. By this way even winged things may never pass, not even the cowering doves that bear ambrosia to Father Zeus. Thereby no ship of men escapes. One ship only, even Argo, passed that way, and she only by the love of the goddess Here for Jason."

"On the other course, there are two rocks, *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, opposite to one another, on either side of the boiling flood. The one riseth with sharp peak to the heaven, and no mortal man may scale it, for the rock is smooth and sheer, as it were polished. And in the midst of the cliff is a dim cave turned towards *Erebus* (the North). This is the way by which thou shalt steer thy hollow ship, noble Odysseus."

"And in this deep cave dwelleth Scylla, whelping terribly, a dreadful monster is she, nor would any look on her gladly, not even if it were a god. She hath twelve feet all dangling down, and six necks of great length, and on each a hideous head, and therein three rows of teeth, set thick and close full of black death; up to her middle is she sunk

far down in the hollow cave; but she shoots forth her heads from out of the dread cave, and there she fishes, groping around the rocks, for dolphins or sea-dogs, or whatso greater beast she may anywhere take, whereof the deep-voiced Amphitrite, wife of Poseidon, the mighty Ruler of the Ocean, feeds countless flocks. Thereby no sailor ever fled scathless with his ship, for she carries off a man with each of her heads."

"The opposite cliff, Odysseus, lies hard by the first within a bow shot. And thereon is a great fig-tree, and beneath it mighty Charybdis sucks down the black water. Far be thou from thence when she sucks the flood, for not even the Earth-shaker could save thee. But draw nigh to Scylla's rock, for it is better to lose six of thy company than at once to lose them all."

"Then," continued Circe, "thou shalt come to the Isle of Thrinacria, where are many kine and sheep of *Helios Hyperion*, the Sun-god, feeding. These have no part in birth or death, and they are shepherded by the goddesses, Nymphs with fair tresses,

Phaethusa and *Lampetie*, daughters of Helios Hyperion and the bright *Neæra*. If thou dost the flock no harm, thou mayest yet reach Ithaca; but if thou hurtest them, thou shalt lose all thy company."

Then Odysseus returned to his ship; and Circe of the braided tresses, that awful goddess of mortal speech, sent a welcome breeze in the wake of the goodly barques.

Then Odysseus, following the bidding of the goddess, anointed the ears of his men with wax, and they bound him to the mast hand and foot, and they sat on the benches and smote the gray sea-wave with their oars.

But as they flew swiftly on their way, and came within the sound of a man's shout, the Sirens espied them, and raised their clear-toned song. "Hither come, famous Odysseus, great glory of the Achaians, and stay thy bark, that thou mayest listen to the voice of us twain. For no one hath ever driven by this way, till he hath heard our voice, sweet as the honeycomb, and had joy thereof and gone on his way the wiser."

"For lo! we know all things—all the travail of the Argives and the Trojans and all that shall hereafter be upon the fruitful earth."

Odysseus, entranced by the divine melody, nodded at his men with bent brows, that they might unbind him, but they rowed on all the faster, and Perimedes and Eurylochus bound him with yet more cords.

But when they had left that Isle and could no longer hear the sweet song of the Sirens, they saw smoke, and a great wave. Then they dropped their oars for very fear, and the ship was holden there.

Then Odysseus tried to cheer them with smooth words, and bid them remember how they had escaped from the den of Cyclops, and how he hoped to save them in this new calamity, by his manfulness and wit. "But do thou, helmsman," he said, "obey my words. Steer the ship well away from the smoke and the wave, and hug the rock of Scylla; lest the ship, when thou heedest not, start to the other side and run us on destruction."

Odysseus donned his armour and took two spears, for he thought that Scylla of the rock would first be seen; but he could not see her, and his eyes grew dim with gazing about the dark mass of the rock.

As they passed through the narrow strait, Scylla lay on the one hand, and on the other mighty Charybdis sucking down the salt sea water. When she discharged it, like a cauldron on a great fire, she seethed up through all the troubled deeps, and the spray fell on the tops of either cliff. But oft as she swallowed up the salt sea water, she was all plain to see through the agitated waters, and the rocks around roared horribly Towards her we all looked, fearing to be swallowed up Meanwhile Scylla caught from out the hollow ship six of the company, the hardiest and bravest of Odysseus' men

And Odysseus saw their feet and hands as they were lifted high, and they cried aloud in their agony, and called him by name. And there she devoured them in her gates, as they shrieked and stretched forth their hands to him in terrible conflict. "That," said

Odysseus, "was the most pitiful sight that mine eyes beheld of all the toils that I endured."

Having thus with dire loss escaped the Wandering Rocks and Scylla and Charybdis, they came to the fair Island on which were the goodly kine, and the many brave flocks of Helios Hyperion the Sun-god. Then Odysseus remembered the saying of the Seer Teiresias, and of Circe of Aia, who charged him to shun the Island of Helios, the gladdener of the World. This he told to his company. But Eurylochus answered sadly: "Thou, Odysseus, art fashioned all of iron, and thou sufferest not thy fellows, foredone with toil and drowsiness, to set foot on shore, and prepare a good supper on this sea-girt isle." Then Odysseus knew that some god was imagining evil, and he spake to him winged words: "Eurylochus, ye put force on me, being but one among you all; but swear me now a mighty oath, not to slay ox or sheep, but in quiet eat the meat which the deathless Circe gave me."

The men swore to refrain, as Odysseus

commanded them. Then they landed on the Island Thrinacria, and took their supper, and when they had satisfied their desire of meat and drink, deep sleep came over them. But Zeus, the Cloud-gatherer, roused an angry wind against them, and shrouded land and sea in gloom, and down sped night from heaven.

For a whole month the South wind blew without ceasing, and as long as they had corn and red wine the men did not touch the kine. But when the bread was all spent out of the ship, they went wandering with bent hooks in quest of game, fishes and fowls, for hunger gnawed their bellies. But Odysseus wandered up the Island and prayed to all the gods that hold Olympus, and then fell asleep.

While he was away Eurylochus addressed the company—

"Every shape of death is hateful to wretched mortals, but to die of hunger is most pitiful of all. Let us then drive off the best of the kine of Helios, and do sacrifice to the deathless gods. And if we may yet

reach Ithaca we will rear a rich shrine to Helios Hyperion, and set therein many a choice offering."

So spake Eurylochus, and the company consented thereto. They stood round the cattle and prayed to the gods, plucking the fresh leaves from an oak, for they had no white barley Then they prayed to the blessed gods, and killed the oxen, and prepared their meal

Meanwhile sleep left the eyes of Odysseus, and he returned to the sea-shore and the ships. And as he drew near he smelt the sweet savour of the roasted meat, and he groaned and cried to the deathless gods: "O Father Zeus, and ye other deathless gods, ye have lulled me into a deathlike sleep, and my company have imagined a monstrous deed."

Then the goddess Lampetie, one of the divine shepherdesses, came to her Father Helios Hyperion and told him of the slaughter of the kine; and Helios spake among the immortal gods: "Father Zeus, and all ye blessed gods, take vengeance on the company of Odysseus. If they pay me not full atone-

ment for the cattle in which I rejoiced, I will go down to Hades and shine among the dead."

And Zeus, the Thunderer, answered "Helios, see that thou shine on amidst the deathless gods, and on mortal men on Earth, the grain-giver. But as for me, I will smite their swift ship with my white bolt and cleave it in pieces in the wine-dark sea."

For six days the company feasted on the best of the kine of Helios, but on the seventh the wind ceased to blow, and they launched the ship into the broad deep. And when they were now out of sight of any land, the son of Cronos (Saturn), Zeus, stayed a dark cloud over the hollow ship, and a blast of the shrilling West snapped the forestays of the mast; and the falling mast struck the head of the pilot, and he sank from the deck, and his brave spirit left his bones.

Then Zeus cast his bolt upon the ship, and she reeled all over and was filled with sulphur. And lo! the company fell from out the vessel, and were borne like sea-gulls round the black ship, and there was for them no returning.

Odysseus kept pacing alone through the ship, and when the surge loosened the sides from the keel, and broke the mast clean off from the hold, he lashed the keel and mast together, and sitting thereon was borne along by the ruinous winds. And when the South wind came he was carried back to the rock of Scylla and to dread Charybdis.

Now she sucked down his raft in the salt sea water, but he swung up on to a tall fig-tree above the whirlpool, and clung to it like a bat, till Charybdis vomited forth the keel and mast again. And when they appeared above the surface he dropped on to them, and sitting on them paddled hard with his hands. And Zeus saved him from the sight of Scylla, or he would never have escaped from utter doom.

Thence for nine days he was borne over the barren sea, and on the tenth he came nigh to the isle of Ogygia, the dwelling-place of *Calypso* "of the braided tresses," an awful goddess of mortal speech, who loved him and entreated him kindly.

There he remained for seven years

against his will, and the fair Calypso would not let him go.

But the time had now come wherein the gods had ordained that he should return home to Ithaca. All the gods, except Poseidon, were gathered together in the halls of Olympian Zeus. Then the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, ever mindful of her favourite hero, the patient goodly Odysseus, thus addressed her Father Cronion (Zeus) -

"O our Father Zeus, my heart is torn for wise Odysseus, the hapless one who far from his friends suffereth affliction in a sea-girt woodland isle. There he is held fast in sorrow by Calypso, daughter of the wise and terrible Atlas, who upholds the tall pillars which keep earth and sky apart She, with soft and guileful tales, is wooing him to forgetfulness of Ithaca; while Odysseus, *yearning to see if it were but the smoke leap upwards from his own land*, hath a desire to die. But thou, O mighty Olympian! carest not for him. And yet did he not make sacrifices to thee by the Argive ships in wide Troy?"

And the Cloud-gatherer, Zeus, replied:

"O my child, what a word hath escaped the hedge of thy teeth! How should I forget divine Odysseus? It is not I that am wroth with him, but Poseidon, the Girdler of the Earth, who cherisheth quenchless anger against him for the Cyclops' sake, even god-like Polyphemus, whom Odysseus blinded of his eye."

"But come, let us take counsel about Odysseus' returning, for Poseidon will in no wise be able to strive alone against all the deathless gods." And the gray-eyed goddess Athene answered. "If this thing is indeed the will of the blessed gods, speed Hermes, the Messenger, the slayer of Argos, to the Island of Ogygia, that he may declare to Calypso of the braided tresses our unerring counsel, even the return of the patient Odysseus."

Therewith the Thunderer spake to Hermes his dear son: "Hermes, go and tell the nymph, even Calypso, our unerring counsel. He shall sail in a well-bound raft in sore distress, and on the twentieth day arrive at Scheria, the land of the Phæacians, who are

near akin to the gods. And they shall give him worship heartily as to a god, and send him on his way to his own dear country."

So spake the Thunderer, and the Messenger was not heedless of his great Father's command. Straightway he bound beneath his shining feet his lovely golden sandals, that wax not old, that bare him alike over the limitless land, and over the wet sea, swift as the breath of the wind. And he took his wand wherewith he lulls the eyes of whomso he wills, while others he wakes from out their sleep. Above Pieria he passed and leapt from the upper air into the deep. Then he sped along the wave like the cormorant that chaseth the fishes through the perilous gulfs of the barren sea.

But when he had reached that far-off isle, he rose from the sea of violet blue, and got up into the land till he came to a great cave wherein dwelt Calypso, the Nymph of the braided tresses, and he found her within. And on the hearth was a great fire, and from afar was smelt the fragrance of cleft cedar, and of sandal wood, blazing through the isle.

And the Nymph within was singing with a sweet voice as she fared to and fro before the loom, and wove with a shuttle of gold. And round about the cave was a wood blossoming, alder and poplar and sweet smelling cypress. And therein all birds, long of wing, had their places of rest, owls and falcons and chattering sea-crows, which have their business in the waters.

And lo! there about the hollow cave trailed a gadding garden vine, all rich with clusters of grapes. And the wells of four streams, set orderly, running with clear water, turned each to a separate course. Moreover, all around soft meadows of violet and parsley blossomed, yea, even a deathless god who came there might wonder at the sight and be glad at heart. Now when Hermes had gazed at all with wonder he went into the cave.

Nor did Calypso, that fair goddess, fail to know him, for the deathless gods are not strange to one another, though one have his dwelling-place far away. But he found not Odysseus, the great-hearted, in the cave, for

he sat weeping on the shore, straining his soul with tears and groans and looking wistfully over the barren deep.

And Calypso, that fair goddess, questioned Hermes: "Wherefore, I pray thee, Hermes of the golden wand, hast thou come hither, whereas thou wert not wont to visit me? Tell me all thy thought; my heart is set on fulfilling it, if fulfil it I may."

Then he answered her on this wise: "'Twas Zeus that bade me come hither, by no will of mine. He saith that thou hast with thee one that is most wretched above his fellows that fought with him for nine years round the burg of Troy. On the way they sinned against Helios, and Zeus roused upon them an evil blast, and long waves of the sea."

"Then all the rest of his company was lost, but the wind and the wave brought him hither. And now Zeus biddeth thee send him hence, for it is ordained that he come to his country and his high-roofed house." So spake he, and Calypso shuddered and spake winged words: "Hard are ye gods

and jealous exceedingly, who ever grudge goddesses to mate with men. Odysseus I saved as he went all alone bestriding the keel of a barque, for that Zeus had cleft his swift ship with a white bolt, in the midst of the wine-dark deep."

"But as it is in no wise possible to go beyond the purposes of Zeus, let him away over the barren sea."

Then the Messenger answered her: "Yea, speed him on his path, lest haply Zeus be angered, and bears hard on thee hereafter." Then Hermes, the Messenger, the slayer of Argos, departed, but the lady Nymph went on her way to the great-hearted Odysseus, and found him sitting on the shore. And the tears were never wiped from his eyes, and his sweet life was ebbing away as he mourned for his return. And standing near him that goddess fair spake to him—

"Hapless man, sorrow no more, for now I will send thee hence with all my heart. Arise and cut long beams, and fashion a broad raft with the axe, that it may bear thee over the misty deep. And I will send a fair

gale in thy wake, that thou mayest come unharmed to thy country."

So spake she, and the patient goodly Odysseus shuddered, and uttered winged words: "Herein, goddess, thou hast plainly some other thought, and in no wise to my benefit, since thou biddest me cross in a raft a great gulf of the sea, which even the swift gallant ships do not pass over rejoicing. I would not go aboard a raft unless thou wilt swear a great oath, not to plan any hidden guile to my hurt." Then the goddess sware by Earth and Heaven and the waters of the Styx to plan no hidden guile against him, "For I too," she said, "have a righteous mind, and my heart is not of iron, but pitiful."

Then the fair-tressed goddess quickly led the way to the hollow cave, and the Nymph spake first, and said: "Son of Laertes, Odysseus of many devices, so it is really thy wish to start this moment for thy home? Didst thou know what suffering thou must undergo or ever thou reach thine own country, thou wouldest abide with me, and never taste of death, though thou longest to see thy wife

day by day. Not that I allow myself to be worse than her in form or fashion; for it is not meet that mortal women match with immortals in shape and comeliness."

And Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered: "Be not wroth with me, Goddess and Queen! I know it well how wise Penelope is meaner to look upon than thou in comeliness and stature, yet even so I long to fare homeward. Yea, and if some god shall wreck me in the wine-dark deep, even so I will endure with a heart within me patient of affliction."

And the sun went down and darkness came on. But as soon as the early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, Calypso of the braided tresses gave him a great double-edged bronze axe, with a good handle of olive-wood and a polished adze. And she led him to the border of the Isle, and showed him where the tall trees grow—the alder and the poplar and the pine—and then departed homeward.

Then Odysseus set to cutting planks; he felled twenty trees, and trimmed them with the axe, and deftly planed them. Meanwhile

Calypso brought him augers, so he bored each piece, and joined them together.

It was the fourth day when he had finished all. And on the fifth day she sent him on his way from the island, and she sent forth a warm and gentle wind to blow. And Odysseus rejoiced as he set his sails to the breeze.

So he sate and cunningly guided the craft with the helm, nor did sleep fall on his eyelids, as he watched the Bear (also called the *Wain*), which keepeth watch upon Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean. This star Calypso bade him keep ever on the left. Ten days and seven he sailed, and on the eighteenth day appeared the shadowy hills of the land of the Phæacians, which showed like a shield in the misty deep.

But the great Shaker of the Earth espied him from afar off from the mountains of the Solymi, on his way back from the Ethiopians; and he was yet more angered in spirit "Lo now," he said, "it must be that the gods have changed their purpose concerning Odysseus while I was away."

Then he gathered the clouds, and troubled the waters of the deep, grasping his trident in his hand. And he roused all storms of all manner of winds, and shrouded in clouds the land and the sea, and down sped night from Heaven. Then were the knees of Odysseus loosened, and his heart melted, and he spake to his own great spirit —

"Wretched man that I am! I fear that the goddess truly said that I should fill up the measure of sorrow or ever I came to my own country. And lo! all these things have an end, and now utter doom is assured me. Thrice blessed, yea, four times blessed, those Danaans who perished on a time in wide Troy, doing pleasure to the sons of Atreus. Would to God that I too had died in the press of the Trojans when we were fighting for the body of Achilles."

And as he spoke the great wave smote down upon him, and the raft reeled again. And he fell far from it, and lost the helm from his hand. And long time the water kept him under, for the garments hung heavy on him, which fair Calypso gave him. But at

length he came up, and spat from his mouth the bitter salt water.

But the daughter of Cadmus marked him *Ino-Leucothea* "of the fair ankles," who in time past was a maiden of mortal speech, but now in the depths of the salt sea had gotten her share of worship from the gods. She took pity on him, and rose like a sea-gull on the wing, and sat on the well-bound raft and spake—

"Hapless one, wherefore was Poseidon so wondrous wroth with thee? Yet shall he not make a full end of thee for all his desire. Here take this veil divine, and wind it about thy breast, then there is no fear that thou perish. But when thou hast laid hold of the mainland with thy hands, loose it from thee and cast it into the wine-dark deep." With that the goddess gave him the veil and dived back into the heaving deep like a sea-gull. But the patient goodly Odysseus pondered, and spake to his own brave spirit—

"Can it be that one of the Immortals is weaving new wiles against me?"

But while he pondered, Poseidon, Shaker of the Earth, stirred against him a great wave—terrible, grievous, vaulted from the crest and therewith smote him, and scattered the long beams of the raft; but Odysseus bestrode a single plank, as one rideth on a courser, and he wound the veil of Ino round his breast and fell prone into the sea.

But Athene, the gracious friend of Odysseus, turned to new thoughts, and bound up the courses of the other winds, but roused the swift North wind and brake the waves before him that so he might mingle with the Phaeacians, lovers of the oar.

For two nights and two days he was wandering in the sea, and much his heart boded of death. But when the fair-tressed Dawn brought the full light of the third day, the breeze fell, and lo! there was a breathless calm, and he saw the land very near. But when he was within earshot of the shore, and heard the thunder of the sea against the reefs—for there were no harbours for ships—then the knees of Odysseus were

loosened and his heart melted, and he spake to his brave spirit—

"Ah me! now that, beyond all hope, Zeus hath given me sight of the land, there is no place to land on out of the gray waters. For sharp crags are without, and a smooth rock riseth sheer, and the sea is deep to the very edge."

While he yet pondered a great wave bore him to the rugged shore. There would he have been stripped of all his skin and all his bones been broken, but that Athene, the gray-eyed one, put a thought into his heart. He rushed in, and with both his hands clutched the rock, to which he clung till the wave went by. But again, with backward wash, it leapt on him and cast him forth into the deep; and the skin was stripped from his strong hand against the rocks, and the great wave closed over him.

Then of a truth would the luckless Odysseus have perished, contrary to the Fates, had not gray-eyed Athene given him sure counsel. He rose from the line of the

breakers, and swam outside, till he came to the mouth of a fair-flowing river to a place smooth of rocks and with a covert from the wind. And Odysseus felt the river running and prayed to the River god—

"O King, unto thee I come as a suppliant, fleeing from the wrath of Poseidon. Reverend even to the deathless gods is the man who comes as a wanderer. Pity me, O King." So spake he, and the god straightway stayed his stream and brought him safely to the mouth of the river. And his knees bowed, and his stout hands fell, for his brave spirit was quelled by the brine. And his flesh was all swollen, and the sea water gushed up through his mouth and nostrils. So he lay without breath or speech, and terrible weariness came upon him.

But when his spirit came to him again he loosed from off him the veil of the goddess, Ino Leucothea, and let it fall into the flowing river. And the great wave bare it back, and Ino quickly caught it in her hands.

Then Odysseus turned from the river, and fell back in the reeds, and kissed Earth,

the grain-giver, and heavily he spake to his brave spirit: "Woe is me! what is to betide me? If I watch in the river-bed, through the careful night, I fear the bitter frost and fresh dew may overcome me. But if I climb the hill-side to the shady wood, and sweet sleep come over me, I fear lest I fall a prey to wild beasts."

But he went up to the wood, and crept beneath twin bushes that grew from one stem, both olive trees. Thereunder crept Odysseus, and anon he heaped together a broad couch, for of fallen leaves there were plenty, and he laid himself in the midst thereof and flung over him the fallen leaves. And Athene shed sleep sweet upon his eyes, that it might release him from his weary travail.

There lay the patient goodly Odysseus, foredone with toil and drowsiness. Meanwhile his constant friend Athene went into the city of the Phæacians in which *Alcinous* was now reigning with wisdom from the gods. To his house went the gray-eyed Athene, and entered the rich-wrought bower,

wherein was sleeping a maiden like to the gods in form and comeliness—Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, high of heart. Beside her on either hand were two handmaids, *dowered* with beauty from the gods, and the shining doors were shut.

Fleet as the breath of the wind, the goddess swept towards the couch of the lovely maiden and stood above her head in the semblance of the daughter of Dymas, a girl of like age with Nausicaa, who had found favour in her sight. In her shape Athene spake to the princess: "Nausicaa, how hath thy Mother so heedless a maiden to her daughter? Lo, thou hast shining raiment that lies by thee uncared for, and thy marriage-day is near at hand, when thou must needs go beautifully clad and have garments to give to those who shall lead thee to the house of the bridegroom. Come! let us arise and go a-washing with the break of day."

So spake the gray-eyed one and then departed to Olympus, where is the seat of the blessed gods, that standeth fast for ever.

Not by winds is it shaken, nor ever wet with rain, nor doth the snow come nigh thereto, but most clear air is spread about it cloudless, and the white light floats over it. Therein the blessed gods are glad for all their days.

Anon came the throned Dawn, and awakened the fair-robed Nausicaa, who marvelled at the dream, and went through the halls to tell her parents. And she found her Mother *Arete* by the hearth with her maidens, spinning yarn of sea-purple stain, but her Father she met as he was going forth to the Council of the renowned Kings. And standing close by her Father she said:

"Father, dear, couldst thou not lend me a high waggon with strong wheels, that I may take the goodly raiment to the river to wash? It is seemly that thou thyself shouldst have fresh garments to wear when among the princes in council."

This she said because she was ashamed to speak of glad marriage to her father; *but he saw all*, and answered: "Neither the mules nor aught else do I grudge thee."

Therewith he called his men, and they

made ready the smooth-running mule-wain, and the maiden brought forth from her bowers the shining raiment. And her Mother filled a basket with all manner of food and dainties and poured wine into a goat-skin bottle, while Nausicaa climbed into the wain. Then Nausicaa took the whip and the shining reins, and touched the mules to start them. Then there was a clatter of hoofs; and on they strained without flagging with their load of raiment and the maiden. Not alone did she go, for her attendants followed.

When they came to the beautiful stream of the river, the girls unharnessed the mules, and drove them along the banks of the eddying river to graze on the sweet clover. Then they took the garments from the wain, and bore them to the black water, and briskly trod them down in the trenches in busy rivalry. Now when they had cleansed all the stains, they spread all out in order along the shore, where the sea had washed the pebbles clean. Then, having bathed and anointed themselves well with olive oil, they took their mid-day meal.

And when they were satisfied with food, they fell to playing at ball, casting away their tires, and the white-armed Nausicaa began the song. And even as Artemis, the archer, moveth down the mountains, Taygetus or Erimanthus, taking her pastime in the chase of boars and wild deer, and disports her with her wood-nymphs, while high over all the virgin goddess rears her head and brows—even so the girl unwed outshone her maiden company.

So the princess threw the ball at one of her attendants; she missed the girl, and the ball ran into the deep eddying current, whereat they raised a piercing cry. Then the goodly Odysseus awoke and sat up in his leafy bed, pondering in his heart—

"Woe is me! to what man's land am I come now? How shrill a cry of maidens rings around me, of the Nymphs that hold the steep hill-tops and the river springs, and the grassy water meadows."

Therewith he crept out from under the coppice, holding a leafy bough athwart his body to hide his nakedness; and forth he

sallied like a lion of the hills. Even so he was fain to draw nigh to the fair-tressed maidens such need had come upon him, for he was starving. But he was terrible in their eyes, all marred as he was with the salt foam, and they fled, cowering here and there about the jutting spits of the shore.

But the daughter of Alcinous alone stood firm, for Athene took away all trembling from her limbs So she stood over against Odysseus, and straightway he spake a sweet and cunning word—

"I supplicate thee, O Queen, whether thou art some goddess or a mortal If a goddess, then to Artemis, the daughter of great Zeus, I liken thee, for beauty and stature and shapeliness. But if thou art one of the daughters of men blessed are thy Father and thy lady Mother and thy brethren. Surely their hearts ever glow with gladness each time they see thee entering the dance —so fair a flower of maidens!"

"But he is of heart the most blessed beyond all who shall prevail with gifts of wooing and lead thee to his home. Never

have mine eyes beheld such an one among mortals, neither man nor woman; great awe comes upon me as I look at thee! Yet in Delos once I saw as goodly a thing: a young sapling of a palm-tree springing by the altar of Apollo. And when I looked thereon I marvelled in spirit, for never grew there so goodly a shoot from ground. Even in such wise do I wonder at thee and fear to touch thy knees.'

"But, Queen! have pity on me, for I know no man here, and show me the town and give me an old garment to cast about me. And may the gods grant thee all thy heart's desire: a husband, and a home, and a mind at one with his—a good gift, for there is nothing mightier and nobler than when man and wife are of one heart and mind in a house, a grief to their foes, and to their friends great joy. But their own hearts know it best.

And the white-armed Nausicaa answered him: "Stranger, forasmuch as thou seemest no evil man nor foolish, since thou hast come to our land, thou shalt not lack raiment nor

aught else that is due to a hapless suppliant. And I will show thee the town and the name of the people. The Phæacians hold the city, and I am the daughter of Alcinous, the great-hearted."

And she called to her terrified maidens of the fair tresses: "Halt, my maidens, whither flee ye at the sight of a man? Do ye take him for an enemy? That mortal breathes not who shall come with war to the land of the Phæacians, for we are very dear to the gods. So, girls, give this Stranger meat and drink, and bathe him in the river."

And they halted and called to each other and laid down a mantle and a doublet for raiment, and gave him soft olive oil and bade him wash in the stream. And when he had bathed and clad himself in the raiment that the maiden gave him, Athene made him greater and mightier to behold; and from his head she caused thick curling locks to flow like the hyacinth flower, and shed grace about his head and shoulders.

Then to the shore of the sea went Odysseus apart and sat down glowing in

beauty and grace, and the princess marvelled at him.

Then Nausicaa of the white arms had another thought. She folded the linen and climbed into the car. And she called Odysseus and spake to him winged words: "Up now, Stranger, and go to the city, and to the house of my wise father. And do as I tell thee. As long as we are passing along the fields and farms of men, do thou fare quickly with the maidens behind the mules and the chariot, and I will lead the way.

"But when thou settest foot in the city thou wilt see a fair haven on each side of it, where curved ships are drawn up. For the Phaeacians care not for bow or quiver, but for masts and oars of ships and gallant barques. There stop in the sacred grove of Athene, and I will go on alone, for there are too many insolent folk in the streets who might meet me and say: 'Who is this that goeth with Nausicaa, this tall and goodly stranger? Her husband he will be—her very own—for she holds in no regard the Phaeacians here in the land, who are her wooers.'

"Therefore, when thou comest to the fair grove of Athene—a poplar grove—sit thee down there and wait till we have come to the house of my Father; then go up into the city and ask for the king's palace. But when thou comest within the shadow of the halls and the court, then pass through the great chambers till thou comest to my Mother, who sits at the hearth weaving yarn of sea-purple stain- a wonder to behold. And there my Father's throne leans close to hers, wherein he sits and drinks his wine like an immortal."

So spake Nausicaa and smote the mules with the shining whip, and well they trotted; and she took heed to drive in such wise, that the maidens and Odysseus might follow on foot. Then the sun set, and they came to the sacred grove of Athene, to whom Odysseus prayed for help and guidance.

There he prayed, while the strong mules bare the princess to the town. She halted at the gateway, and round her gathered her brothers, men like to the immortals, and they loosed the mules from under the car and

carried the raiment within But the maiden betook her to her chamber.

At the same time Odysseus roused him to go to the city. And Athene shed a thick mist about him, lest any of the Phaeacians should meet him and mock him and ask him who he was. But when he was now about to enter the pleasant city, Athene met him in the fashion of a young maiden carrying a pitcher, and Odysseus inquired of her "My child, couldst thou lead me to the palace of Alcinous, the king?" And the gray eyed goddess answered him "Yea, Father and Stranger, I will show thee the house, only be silent as thou goest, and look on no man, nor question any."

And when they came to the palace she spake and said: "Lo! here is the house of Alcinous, enter and fear not, for the brave man is the best in every adventure. Thou shalt find the Queen first Her name is *Arete*, daughter of Rhexenor, whom Alcinous took to wife, and honoured her as no other woman in the world is honoured."

Then the gray-eyed one departed to

wide-wayed Athens to the house of Erectheus.

Meanwhile Odysseus went to the famous mansion of Alcinous, and his heart was full of many thoughts as he stood before the threshold of bronze. For there was a gleam as it were of sun or moon through the high-roofed hall of great-hearted Alcinous.

Brazen were the walls, which ran this way and that, and above them was a frieze of blue from the threshold to the inmost chamber, and golden were the doors that closed in the good house. Silver were the door-posts that were set on the brazen threshold, and silver the lintel thereupon. And on either side stood golden hounds and silver, which Hephaistos (Vulcan) wrought to guard the palace, being free from death and age all their days.

And within were seats, where the Phæacian chieftains were wont to sit, eating and drinking for they had continual store. Yea, and there were youths fashioned in gold, with blazing torches in their hands, giving light through the night to the feasters.

And he, Alcinous, had fifty handmaids in the house; and some grind the yellow grain, and others weave webs and turn the yarn, as they sit restless as the leaves of the poplar tree.

And without the courtyard is a great garden, and there grow apple-trees with bright fruit, and sweet figs and olives in their bloom. The fruit of these trees never perisheth, neither faileth, winter or summer, enduring all the year through. Evermore the West wind blowing bringeth some fruits to birth and ripens others. Pear upon pear waxes old, and apple upon apple, yea, and cluster ripens upon cluster of the grape, and fig upon fig.

There too he hath a fruitful vineyard. In the foremost row of the vines are unripe grapes that cast the blossom, and others there be that are growing black for the vintage. There too, skirting the farthest line, are all manner of garden beds planted trimly, that are fresh continually; and therein are two fountains of water whereof one scattereth his streams about the garden, and the other

issueth by the lofty house, and the townsfolk draw water from it. These were the splendid gifts of the gods in the palace of Alcinous.

Then the patient goodly Odysseus passed quickly through the house, clad in a thick mist, and came to Arete and cast his arms about her knees and then the wondrous mist melted from off him, and he began his prayer to Arēte—

"O daughter of godlike Rhexenor! after many toils I come to thy husband and thee, and to these guests May the gods vouchsafe to them a happy life and may each one leave to his children from his substance. But speed, I pray you, my parting right quickly, that I may come to mine own country, for already too long I suffer affliction."

Then he went and sat down in the ashes of the hearth, as was the custom of strangers and suppliants for help—

Then all remained silent with astonishment At last one of the chiefs called Echeneus, eloquent and skilled in the wisdom of old times, thus addressed the king, Alcinous, high of heart.

"Alcinous, surely this is not right or seemly, that this stranger should sit in the ashes while all the chiefs are waiting for thy word! Nay come, bid him arise, and set him on a chair, and bid the henchman mix the wine and pour a libation to Zeus the Thunderer, who protecteth strangers."

Then Alcinous rose and took the wise and crafty Odysseus by the hand and set him on a shining chair, from which his favourite son Laodamas had risen. Then the high-hearted king called aloud to Pontonous: "Pontŏnous, mix the bowl of gladdening wine and serve out to all that are in the hall, and likewise pour a libation to Zeus, whose delight is in the thunder, who heareth the prayer of reverend suppliants."

When all had drunken to their heart's content Alcinous made harangue to them—

"Hear me, captains and councillors of the Phæacians, that I may speak as my spirit bids me. Now that the feast is over, go ye home and lie down to rest. To-morrow we will call yet more councillors together."

"After that we will bethink us of a convoy to bring this stranger to his own country speedily and with joy. But if he is some deathless god, this is some new device wherewith the gods encompass us. For ever heretofore the gods appeared manifest among us, whensoever we offered glorious hecatombs, and they feasted at our side sitting at the same board."

And the goodly Odysseus, rich in council, answered him "Far be that thought from thee! I bear no likeness to the deathless gods. Of all human kind I am the most burdened with misery. But now, as for me, suffer me to sup, for naught is more shameless than a ravening belly, which forces a man to be mindful of it, though he be worn out and full of sorrow."

Thus spake he, and they all assented thereto, and when they had well drunken they went each to his house and laid them down to rest.

But goodly Odysseus remained behind with Alcinous and the beauteous Queen Arētē. And Arētē was the first to speak, for

she knew the mantle and the doublet which Nausicaa had given him.

"Who gave thee this raiment?"

Then the goodly Odysseus told of his long sojourn with Calypso in Ogygia, and all his troubles on the sea from the anger of Poseidon, and his fortunate meeting with Nausicaa and all her kindness to him.

And Alcinous replied "This was no right thought of my daughter that she brought thee not to my house with her handmaids."

And the goodly Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered: "My lord, chide not the blameless maiden, for she did bid me follow with her company, but I would not for fear and very shame."

And yet again Alcinous answered: "My heart within me is not of such a temper as to be wroth without a cause."

"And now I ordain an escort for thee on a certain day, and that day the morrow."

Then the white-armed Arete bade her handmaids set out bedsteads beneath the corridor, and cast fair purple blankets on them.

And when they were ready they stood by Odysseus and said: "Up now, Stranger, and get thee to sleep, thy bed is made."

So he slept there, the patient goodly Odysseus, on the jointed bedstead.

When the early Dawn, the rosy-fingered, shone forth, the mighty king Alcinous and the goodly Odysseus, born of Zeus, arose. And Pallas Athene, in the semblance of a herald, summoned the captains and councillors to a council

And many a one marvelled at the sight of the wise son of Laertes, for wondrous was the grace Athene poured upon his head and shoulders; and she made him greater and more mighty to behold, that he might win love and worship and honour among all the Phæacians.

And Alcinous made harangue and said: "This Stranger, I know not who he is, hath come to my house in his wandering and presses for a convoy. Therefore, let us draw down a black ship to the fair salt sea, and let them choose fifty-two noble youths to man her. But ye sceptred kings come

to my fair dwelling that we may entertain the Stranger in the halls; and bid hither the divine minstrel *Demodocus*, for the gods have given minstrelsy to him as to no one else—to make men glad at heart."

Now the courts and corridors and rooms were thronged, and there were many young and old.

Then the henchman came leading the divine minstrel. The Muse loved him dearly, and gave him good and evil, of his sight she reft him, but granted him sweet song. Pontonous set for him a chair inlaid with silver against a pillar, and he hung a loud lyre on a pin, close above his head, and showed him how to lay his hands upon it.

And after all had put from them the desire of meat and drink, the minstrel sang of the quarrel between Odysseus and Achilles, son of Peleus.

When Odysseus heard it he caught his great cloak with his stalwart hands and drew it down over his head, for he was ashamed to shed tears in presence of the Phæacians.

But Alcinous alone marked him, who sat near him and heard him groaning heavily.

Then Alcinous, high of heart, spake again to the captains and councillors of the Phæacians—

"Now have our souls been satisfied with the good feast, and the Lyre, which is the mate of the rich banquet. Let us go forth anon and make trial of divers games."

So they went their way to the place of Assembly, and with them a great company innumerable, and many a noble youth stood up to play, and among them the three noble sons of Alcinous, *Laodamas* and *Halius*, and godlike *Clytoneus*. And verily these all first tried the issue in the foot-race. And noble Clytoneus won by the length of the furrow that mules cleave in a fallow field, so far did he shoot to the front. And in wrestling, *Euryalus*, the peer of the murderous Ares, excelled all the rest. And in leaping *Amphialus* was the foremost, and *Elatreus* in weight-throwing, and in boxing Laodamas.

Now when they had taken their pleasure in the games, Laodamas went and stood in

the midst and spake to Odysseus: "Come, do thou too, Father and Stranger, try thy skill in the sports, for there is no greater glory for a man than that which he gets by hand and foot.

And Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered him: "Laodamas, wherefore dost thou mock me; sorrow is far nearer my heart than sport, for I have suffered much"

And Euryalus taunted him to his face, and said: "No, truly, Stranger, nor do I think thee at all like one that is skilled in games."

And the goodly Odysseus looked askance at him and answered. "Stranger, thou hast not spoken well. Thou art like a man presumptuous; so true it is that the gods do not give every gracious gift to all. For one man is feebler than another in presence, yet the god crowns his words with beauty, and as he passes through the town men gaze on him as a god."

"Another is like the deathless gods for beauty, but his words have no crown of grace about them even as thou art in comeliness

pre-eminent, nor could a god fashion thee better, but in wit thou art a weakling."

Then even as he was in his mantle he caught up a huge stone, heavier far than those with which the Phæacians contended. With one whirl, he sent it from his stout hand, and the stone flew hurtling, and the Phæacians crouched to earth beneath the rushing of the stone. Beyond all the marks it flew, and Athene marked the place in the fashion of a man, and spake. "No stone of the Phæacians shall attain thereunto, or overpass it."

Then Odysseus rejoiced and spake in a lighter tone: "Now then let any one come and try the issue with me in boxing or wrestling, or even in the foot-race, I care not which, for ye have greatly angered me. For I avow myself most excellent of the mortals that are now upon the earth, yet with the men of old I would not match neither with Heracles nor *Eurytus* of Œchalia, who contended with the deathless gods in archery."

So spake he, and all kept silence, not daring to accept his challenge.

Alcinous alone answered: "Thy words,

O Stranger, are not ill taken. But now mark *my* words."

"We are no perfect boxers nor wrestlers, but speedy runners and the best of seamen, and to us is the banquet dear, and the harp and the dance, and changes of raiment, and the warm bath and sleep."

"Lo now! arise, ye dancers, the best in the land, and fetch for Demodocus the loud lyre, which is somewhere in our halls."

And Demodocus gat him into the midst with the loud lyre, and around him stood boys in their first bloom skilled in the dance, and they smote the good floor with their feet; but Odysseus gazed at the twinklings of the feet and marvelled.

And the minstrel sang of the love of Ares and Aphrodite; and when the song was ended, Alcinous bade Halius and Laodamas dance alone. So when they had taken in their hands the goodly ball of purple hue, the one would bend backwards and throw it towards the shadowy clouds; and the other would leap upward from the earth and catch it lightly, before his feet touched the ground.

And the goodly Odysseus spake: "My Lord Alcinous, thou didst boast thy dancers best of all, and lo! thy words are fulfilled. I wonder as I look at them."

And Alcinous bade the twelve glorious princes bring each a present to Odysseus—a fresh robe, and a doublet, and a talent of fine gold. And he bade Euryalus make atonement for his rude speech. "And I myself," he said, "will give him a beautiful golden chalice of my own." And each of the twelve lords sent his servant to fetch the gift. And Euryalus spake: "I will give him a hanger, all of bronze, with a silver hilt thereto, and a sheath of fresh sawn ivory." And he made atonement to Odysseus.

And the sun sank, and the proud henchmen bare the lordly gifts to the palace of Alcinous, and his noble sons set them in order by their revered mother.

And Arētē brought forth a beauteous coffer from the treasure chamber, and bestowed the gifts therein; and with her own hands she placed therein a goodly doublet, and spake winged words to the goodly wise

Odysseus: "Look now to the lid, and quickly tie the knot, lest any rob thee as thou liest asleep in the black ship"

Then straightway the housewife bade him go to the bath, and bathe him. And he saw the warm water and was glad.

And after the bath the handmaidens cast a fair mantle and a doublet upon him, and he went to be with the chiefs at their wine.

Now the lovely Nausicaa, dowered with beauty by the gods, stood by the door-post of the well-builded hall, and marvelled at Odysseus She greatly admired and loved this wise and valiant hero, when she compared him with the idle effeminate and luxurious young Phæacians, who sought her in glad marriage. And she spake to him winged words: "Farewell, Stranger! see that thou remember me, on a day, in thine own country, for that to me first thou owest the price of life."

And Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered her and said—

"Nausicaa, daughter of great-hearted

Alcinous, even so may Zeus, the Thunderer, the Lord of Here, grant me to reach my home; nay, therein would I do thee worship as to a god all my days for evermore, for thou, Lady, hast given me my life."

And the goodly patient Odysseus spake thus, and then took his place at the banquet by King Alcinous. And he cut off a portion of the chine of a white-toothed boar, whereon yet more flesh was left, with rich fat on either side, and spake to a henchman: "Lo, henchman, take this mess and hand it to the minstrel Demodocus." And he spake to Demodocus, and said: "Right duly dost thou chant the faring of the Achæans, even all that they wrought and suffered. Come now change thy strain, and sing of the fashioning of the Wooden Horse,--which Epeios made by the aid of Athene,—that goodly Odysseus led up into the citadel."

And the minstrel, stirred by the god, showed forth his minstrelsy. He sang how the Achæans poured forth from the horse and sacked the city. And as he sang of the dangers and sorrows of the Greeks, in which

Odysseus had borne so great a part, the heart of Odysseus melted and the tears wet his cheeks. But Alcinous alone marked him weeping as he sate by him and heard him groaning heavily.

And Alcinous made harangue, and said: "Ye Captains and Counsellors of the Phaeacians, let Demodocus hold his hand from the loud lyre, for ever since the divine minstrel was moved to sing, yonder Stranger hath never ceased from woeful lamentation. And thou, Stranger, do not hide what I ask thee with crafty purpose; say what is the name whereby they called thee at home, even thy Father and thy Mother, thy townsmen, and the dwellers round about."

"Tell me too of thy land, and thy city, that our ships may know their course to bring thee thither. For the Phaeacians have no pilots nor any rudders after the manner of other ships, but the barques themselves understand the thoughts and intents of men; they know the cities and fat fields of every folk, and most swiftly do they traverse the gulf of the salt sea shrouded in mist and

cloud, and never do they go in fear of wreck and ruin. Come now, declare me this, and plainly tell it all."

And the goodly Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered him: "Oh, high-hearted King Alcinous! what shall I tell of first, what last? for the gods have given me woes in plenty. Now, first I will tell my name that ye may know it. I am Odysseus, son of Laertes, who am in men's minds for all manner of wiles, and my fame reaches unto Heaven. And I dwell in clear-seen Ithaca, wherein is a mountain Neriton with trembling forest leaves, and many islands lie around.

"Now, Ithaca lies low, a rugged isle but a good nurse of noble youths; and for myself I can see nought beside sweeter than a man's own country. Verily Calypso, that fair goddess, and the guileful Circe of Aia, would fain have stayed me in their halls, longing to have me for their lord. But never did they prevail upon my heart within my breast. So surely is there nothing sweeter than a man's own country and his parents, even though he dwell far off in a rich home in a strange land."

Then the goodly patient Odysseus told all that befell him, beginning with the massacre of his men by the Cicones, all of which hath been told above.

So spake he, and they all held their peace, and were spell-bound throughout the shadowy halls. Thereupon Alcinous, the high-hearted, answered him, and spake "Odysseus, now that thou hast come to my high house with floor of bronze, no more, methinks, shalt thou be driven from thy way, though thou hast been sore afflicted. And to you elders, who drink evermore of my dark wine, this is my command. Come now, let each of us give him a great tripod and a cauldron of bronze —the joy of men."

So spake Alcinous, and the saying pleased them well. Then each one went to his own house to lay him down to rest And as soon as early Dawn, the rosy fingered, shone forth, they hastened, and bare the gifts to the black ship. And Alcinous himself went about the barque and laid the gifts beneath the benches. Then they betook themselves to the house of Alcinous and fell to feasting.

But Odysseus would ever turn his head towards the splendour of the Sun, being fain to hasten his setting, for verily he was most eager to return.

And Pontonous mixed the gladdening wine and served it to all in turn. And the goodly Odysseus uprose and placed in Arētē's hand the double cup and spake to her winged words—

"Fare-thee well, O Queen, all the days of thy life, till old age come and death that visit all mankind. But as for me I will go home, and do thou rejoice in thy children and thy people and Alcinous the king."

Then the goodly Odysseus stepped over the threshold, and with him the mighty Alcinous sent a henchman to guide him to the swift ship. And the good men of the escort took the noble gifts, and laid them in the hollow ship. Then they strewed for Odysseus a rug and a sheet of linen on the hinder part of the deck of the hollow ship, that he might sleep sound. Then he too climbed aboard and laid him down in silence, while they sat upon the benches

and unbound the hawsers. And so soon as they bent backward and tossed the sea-water with the oar blade, a deep sleep fell upon him, very sweet and akin to death.

And the swift barque ran ever swiftly on her way; nor could a circling hawk keep pace with her, of winged things the swiftest. And she bore a man whose counsel was as the counsel of the gods, one that erewhile had suffered much sorrow of heart through the wars of men and the grievous waves; but for that time he slept in peace

So when the star arose, which is the brightest of all and goes ever heralding the light of early Dawn, the rosy fingered, then the ship drew near the Island. There is in the land of Ithaca a certain haven of Phorcys, the Ancient one of the Sea, in which the decked ships can ride unmoored.

Now, at the harbour's head is an olive tree with spreading leaves, and hard by a pleasant cave and a shady, sacred to the Nymphs that are called the Naiads. And there are great looms of stone, whereon the Nymphs weave raiment of purple stain—a

marvel to behold. Thither they let drive their ship, and she quickly ran ashore, half her keel's length high. Then they lifted Odysseus from out the hollow ship, all as he was in the sheet of linen and the bright rug, and laid him yet heavy with slumber on the sand, and took out the gifts of the lordly Phæacians and set them in a heap by the trunk of an olive tree, aside from the road lest any wayfaring men should spoil them.

As for them they departed again for home.

But Poseidon, Shaker of the Earth, forgat not his threats against Odysseus, and inquired the counsel of loud thundering Zeus—

"Father Zeus, I for one shall no longer be of worship among the deathless gods, when even the Phæacians hold me in no regard, albeit they come of my own lineage. Behold they have borne him over the sea asleep and set him down in Ithaca."

And Zeus, the Cloud-gatherer, answered him: "If any, giving place to his own hardihood and strength, holds thee not in worship, thou hast always thy revenge, even in the time to come."

"Learn now what seemeth best in my sight. At an hour when the folk are all looking from the city at the ship, smite the ship into a stone hard by the land, that all mankind may marvel, and do thou overshadow their city with a great mountain."

And Poseidon went his way to Scheria; and lo! when the seafaring ship drew very near, the Shaker of the Earth smote her into a stone, and rooted her far down below.

And all the Phæacians marvelled, and spake one to another. "Ah me! who is this hath bound our swift ship on the deep when she was even now clear in sight?" And Alcinous made harangue: "Let us henceforward cease from the convoy of mortals, and let us sacrifice to Poseidon twelve choice bulls, if perchance he may take pity, and not overshadow our city."

Meanwhile the goodly Odysseus woke on his native land, nor knew it again after such a long absence, for Pallas Athene shed a mist around him, that no one might know him ere the Suitors had paid for all their transgressions. Then he started up and

made moan withal, and smote on both his thighs and spake: "Woe is me! unto what mortals' land am I now come? Say, are they froward, wild and unjust, or hospitable and god-fearing? Where shall I bear all this wealth? Oh! that I had abode with the Phaeacians. But they were not wholly wise or just, who have carried me to a strange land."

Then Pallas Athene came nigh him in the guise of a young man, the herdsman of a flock — a young man most delicate and most like a king's son. And Odysseus rejoiced and spake to her winged words: "Save, I pray thee, this my substance and me too, for to thy dear knees I come. And herein tell me true that I may know. What land, what people is this?"

And the gray eyed Athene answered him: "Thou art witless, Stranger, or thou art come from afar, if thou askest of this land. It is not so nameless but that men may know it. Verily it is rough and not fit for the driving of horses, yet it is not a very sorry isle; for herein is corn past telling and

wine, and the rain is on it evermore and the fresh dew; and it is good for feeding goats and kine. Wherefore, Stranger, the name of Ithaca hath reached even unto Troy."

So spake she, and the patient goodly Odysseus had joy in his country, and he spake to her again. But he did not speak the truth, but told her an artful tale of how he had been forced to flee from Crete for having slain Orsilochus, and how he had been put on shore by the Phaeacians

Then the gray-eyed goddess smiled at his crafty tale and caressed him with her hand; and straightway she changed her to the semblance of a woman, fair and tall, and spake: "Crafty must he be and knavish who would outdo thee in all manner of guile. Thou art of all men the first in counsel and discourse, and I among the gods win renown for my wit and wile; yet thou knewest not me Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, who am always by thee and guard thee in all adventures. And now am I come to contrive a plot with thee and to hide away thy goods."

"Come, I will show thee the place of the

dwelling of Ithaca. Lo! here is the haven of Phorcys, the Ancient one of the Sea, and here is the Olive Tree, and the pleasant cave, sacred to the Naiads, and there Mount Neriton all clothed with forests."

Therewith the goddess scattered the mist, and the land appeared. Then the patient goodly Odysseus rejoiced in his own land, and he kissed the Earth, the grain-giver.

Then the goddess plunged into the shadowy cave, and Odysseus brought up his treasure, the gold and the unyielding bronze, and fair woven raiment, and laid them by with care.

And Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered her: "Lo! now, goddess, I was like to have perished by the evil doom of Agamemnon had'st thou not declared to me each thing aright. Come, then, weave some counsel by which I may requite the wooers. If thou wouldst stand by me, thou gray-eyed goddess, I would war even with three hundred men."

Then the goddess answered him: "Come, I will make thee such that no man shall know thee. Thy fair skin I will wither on thy

supple limbs, and make waste thy yellow hair from off thy head, and wrap thee in a foul garment such that one would shudder to see a man therein. And I will dim thy two eyes, erewhile so fair, that thou mayest be unseemly in the sight of all the Wooers and of thy wife and son. And first do thou go to the swineherd who tends thy swine, and is loyal to thee as of old, and loves thy son Telemachus and steadfast Penelope."

"And with him do thou abide and find out all, till I have gone to Sparta, 'the land of fair women,' to call Telemachus, thy dear son, who hath betaken himself to wide Lacedæmon, to the house of Menelaus, to seek tidings of thee."

Then the goddess touched him with her wand and withered up his limbs and dimmed his eyes, erewhile so fair. And she changed his raiment to a vile wrap and a doublet torn and filthy, stained with foul smoke. And over all she threw the great hide of a swift stag from which the hairs had fallen off, and she gave him a staff and a foul scrip, all tattered, and a cord wherewith to hang it.

And then the glorious goddess went to fair Lacedæmon to fetch the son of Odysseus.

And Odysseus found the swineherd sitting at the front entry of his house, where his courtyard was builded high in an open place with free range all around it. And within the courtyard he made twelve styes hard by one another as beds for the swine. And by them always slept four dogs, as fierce as wild beasts. And these of a sudden saw Odysseus, and ran at him yelping, and Odysseus sat down and let the staff fall from his hand But the swineherd hastened after them and chid them, and drove them this way and that with a shower of stones. And he spake to his Lord saying "Old man, truly the dogs were nigh to be the death of thee, so shouldst thou have brought shame on me."

And the goodly swineherd led him to the steading and took him in And Odysseus rejoiced at the good welcome, and spake: "May Zeus, O Stranger, and all the other deathless gods, grant thee thy dearest wish, since thou hast received me heartily." Then, O swineherd Eumæus, didst thou answer him

saying: "Guest of mine, it were an impious thing to slight a stranger."

Therewith he bound up his doublet* with his girdle and went his way to the styes. And he brought forth two pigs and sacrificed them, and he bade Odysseus fall to: "Eat now, Stranger, such fare as thralls have to hand, even sucking pigs, but the fatted hogs the wooers devour.

So spake he, but Odysseus ceased not to eat flesh and to drink wine right eagerly, and the while was sowing the seeds of evil for the Suitors.

And the swineherd, master of men, answered him: "Old man, whosoever comes straying to the land of Ithaca goes to my mistress Penelope with words of guile. And she receives him kindly and inquires of all things, and the tears fall from her eyes for weeping; but as for him, my lord, dogs and swift fowls are like already to have torn his skin from the bones, and his spirit hath left him."

Then the patient goodly Odysseus spake to him again: "My friend, forasmuch as

thou wilt none of my words, and sayest that henceforth thy lord will not come again, I tell thee, not lightly, but with an oath, Odysseus *shall* return."

Then didst thou make answer, O swineherd Eumæus: "As for thine oath, we will let it be But now I make a comfortless lament for the boy of Odysseus, even for Telemachus, for now the lordly Wooers lie in wait for him on his return from fair Pylos, that this race of godlike Arceisius may perish from out of Ithaca and leave no name behind."

"But come, old man, tell me of thine own troubles; who art thou of the sons of men, and whence? Where is thy city? Where are thy parents? Say on what manner of ship didst thou come, for in no wise do I deem that thou camest hither by land."

Then Odysseus, the man of many wishes, tells Eumæus a false tale.

Then didst thou make answer to him, swineherd Eumæus: "Ah wretched guest, verily thou hast stirred my heart with the tale of thy sufferings and thy wanderings.

Yet herein never shalt thou persuade me with thy tales about Odysseus; why should one in thy plight idly tell lies? I know, of mine own self, that he was utterly hated by all the gods, in that they smote him not among the Trojans, nor in the arms of friends."

"But thou, old man of many sorrows, seek not my grace with lies, nor give me any such comfort."

And Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered him: "Verily thy heart within thee is slow to believe; but come, let us make a covenant, and call the gods above, who hold Olympus, for witnesses. If thy lord shall return to this house, put on me a mantle and doublet and send me to Dulichium. But if thy lord return not, set thy thralls upon me and cast me down from a great rock, that another beggar may beware of deceiving."

But now it was supper time. Then the goodly swineherd called to his fellows, saying: "Bring the best of the swine that ye may sacrifice it for a guest of mine from a fair land." And they brought in a good fat

boar of five years old, and they set him by the hearth.

Then they slew the boar and cut up his flesh small, and pierced it and spitted and roasted it carefully. Then the swineherd stood up for to carve—for well he knew what was fair—and divided the whole into seven portions. One, when he had prayed, he set aside for the Nymphs and for Hermes, son of Maia, and distributed the rest to each. And he gave Odysseus the portion of honour, the long back of the white-tusked boar.

And the good swineherd Eumæus spake and said—

"For this night thou shalt lack neither raiment nor aught else that is the due of a hapless suppliant. But in the morning thou shalt go shuffling in thine own rags, for there are not many mantles nor doublets here; for each man hath but one coat."

And he sprang up and set a bed for Odysseus near the fire, and thereon he cast skins of sheep and goats. There Odysseus laid him down, and Eumæus cast a great thick mantle over him.

Meantime Athene went to Lacedæmon to urge Telemachus, the son of Odysseus, to return to Ithaca. He had gone to Sparta to the house of Menelaus "of the loud war-cry, and of the beauteous Helen, daughter of Zeus, whom he had brought back with him from Troy.

And the wise goddess told Telemachus how the Suitors were lying in wait in the strait between clear-seen Ithaca and rugged Samos, to kill him ere he reached his home. And she bade him first seek the faithful swine-herd, before he went to see his Mother, the discreet Penelope. And Telemachus, son of this divine Odysseus, came and spake to Menelaus, saying: "Menelaus, son of Atreus, foster-child of Zeus, speed me hence, even now to my own dear land, for my heart is fain to come home again."

And Menelaus of the loud war-cry answered him—

"Telemachus, as for thee, I will not hold thee a long time here that art eager to return. Men should love a guest while he is with them, and send him on his way when he

would depart. And lo! of the gifts which are treasured in my house I will give thee the goodliest and greatest of price."

And Helen "of the fair cheeks" took from the coffers, wherein were her robes of curious needlework which she herself had wrought. And she came up and spake to Telemachus and said. "Lo! I too give thee this gift, dear child, a memorial of the hands of Helen, for thy wife to wear against the day of thy desire, even of thy marriage."

After feasting in the halls Telemachus and his friend Peisistratus, the glorious son of Nestor, yoked the horses; and Menelaus "of the fair hair" went forth with gladdening wine in a golden cup, that they might pour a drink-offering to the deathless gods. And he stood before the horses and spake—

"Farewell, knightly youths, and salute in my name Nestor, the wisest of men, the shepherd of the people?"

And Telemachus answered: "Yea verily, we will tell him how I have met with all manner of kindness at thy hand and the hands of 'the fair cheeked' Helen."

And as he spake an eagle flew forth at his right hand, that bare in his claws a great white goose. And the bird flew off to the right across the horses. And Menelaus was puzzled. But long-robed Helen took the word and spake—

"Hear *me* and I will prophesy as the Immortals put it into my heart. Even as yonder eagle came down from the hill and snatched away the goose, even so shall Odysseus return home after long wanderings and take vengeance, and is even now at home contriving mischief for all the wooers."

And the wise Telemachus took ship, and after various adventures by sea and land reached clear-seen Ithaca and went to the house of the faithful swineherd

Meanwhile Odysseus and the swineherd were supping in the hut, and the other men sat at meat with them. And Odysseus spake to prove the swineherd—

"Listen now, Eumæus, and all the others. in the morning I would fain be gone to the town to go a-begging, that I be not ruinous to thee and thy fellows. Moreover, I would

go to the house of the divine Odysseus, and bear tidings to the wise Penelope, and consort with the wanton wooers, if haply they might grant me a meal out of their boundless store. Lightly might I do service among them, for, by the grace of Hermes, no mortal can vie with me in the business of a serving man."

And Eumæus answered: "Not such as thou are their servants; they are young and gaily clad and ever with bright hair and are fair of face. Nay, abide here, for none is vexed by thy company."

And Odysseus rejoiced, and spake: "Right dear art thou to me, in that thou makest me cease from wandering and dread woe, for there is no other thing more mischievous to man than roaming. But behold now, since thou stayest me here, to await the return of Telemachus, tell me of the Mother of the divine Odysseus, and his Father whom he left on the threshold of old age."

Then spake the swineherd, a master of men—

"Laertes yet lives, and he prays evermore

to Zeus that his life may waste from out his limbs. For he has wondrous longing for his son that is far away, and for the gentle lady, his wise wife, whose death afflicted him in chief and brought him to old age before his day."

Then answered Odysseus, rich in counsel—

"Ah! Eumæus, how far didst thou wander from thine own country and thy parents, while as yet thou wast but a child. But come declare me this and plainly tell it all."

Then spake to him the swineherd—

"There is a certain isle called Syria, over above Ortygia, where are the turning places of the sun. It is not so very thickly peopled, but it is rich in herds and flocks, with plenty of corn and wine. Dearth never enters there, and no hateful sickness falls on wretched mortals. But when the tribes of man grow old, then comes Apollo, god of the silver bow, with Artemis, and they slay them with the visitation of their gentle shafts. In that isle are two cities, and my father was king over the twain—Cesius, son of Ormenus, a man like to the Immortals.

Then the wise swineherd relates how he was betrayed by his nurse, a Sidonian, to her countrymen, Sidonian merchants, and carried off in their black ships. "And wind and water bare them and they brought me to Ithaca, where Laertes bought me with his own possessions."

Meanwhile, on the shore, the crew of Telemachus were striking their sails, and rowing the ship to anchorage. Then they took the mid-day meal, and when they had put from them the desire of meat and drink, Telemachus first spake among them—

"Do ye now drive the black ship to the city, and I will go to the fields and to the herdsmen, and at even I will return to the city."

And round Telemachus the hounds that love to bark fawned and barked not as he drew nigh. And goodly Odysseus spake to Eumaeus winged words—

"Eumaeus, some one of thy friends will soon be here, for the dogs do not bark but fawn around, and I catch the noise of footsteps."

While the word was yet on his lips his

own dear son stood at the entering in of the gate. Then the swineherd sprang up in amazement, and out of his hands fell the vessel wherein he was mingling the dark wine. And he came over against his master, and kissed his head and both his beautiful eyes and both his hands, and he let a great tear fall. And he wept aloud and spake to him winged words—

"Thou art come, Telemachus, light of mine eyes! methought I should never see thee again after thou hadst gone in thy ship to Pylos. Nay now, enter, dear child, that my heart may be glad at the sight of thee in mine house."

And Telemachus answered: "So be it, father, as thou sayest; and for thy sake I am come hither, and to hear from thy lips whether my Mother yet abides in the halls, or another hath wedded her."

And the swineherd answered him: "Yea verily, she abides with patient spirit in the halls; and sorrowful for her the nights wane always, and the days, in shedding of tears." Then Telemachus crossed the threshold of

stone. As he came near his father, Odysseus arose from his seat to give him place; but Telemachus stayed him, saying: "Be seated, Stranger, and we will find some other where to sit in the steading."

Now when they had put from them the desire of meat and drink, Telemachus spake to the goodly swineherd: "Whence came this stranger to thee? How indeed should I receive him in my house? Myself I am young, and trust not to my strength to defend me from mine enemies."

"But I will indeed clothe him in goodly raiment, and give him a two-edged sword and shoes for his feet, and I will send him all manner of food to eat."

And the patient goodly Odysseus answered him: "My heart is rent as I hear thy words, such infatuate deeds, ye say, the Wooers devise in the halls, in despite of thee a man so noble. Say, dost thou willingly submit thee to oppression, or do the people hate thee? Would that I were as young as thou, or were the son of noble Odysseus, or Odysseus himself; then would I lose my head from

my neck if I went not straightway to the halls of Odysseus, son of Laertes, and made myself the bane of every man among them."

Then wise Telemachus answered "Yea now, Stranger, I will plainly tell thee all There is no grudge or hatred borne me by the whole people, but there are foemen innumerable in my house. For all the noblest princes in the islands, in Dulichium and Samos and wooded Zacynthus, and as many as lord it in rocky Ithaca, woo my Mother and waste my house. But as for her, she neither refuseth the hated bridal, nor hath the heart to make an end."

Then did the faithful swineherd answer: "I mark and heed all that thou speakest."

Now Athene marked the swineherd pass from the steading, and she drew nigh in the semblance of a woman fair and tall. And she stood manifest to Odysseus against the doorway of the hut; but it was so that Telemachus did not mark her, for the gods in no wise appear visibly to all. But Odysseus was aware of her, and likewise the dogs, which barked not, but with a low whine

shrank cowering to the far side of the steading, then she nodded at him with bent brows, and Odysseus perceived it and came forth from the room, and Athene spake to him, saying—

"Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many wiles, now is the hour to reveal thy word to thy son, that ye twain, having framed death and doom to the Wooers, may fare to the famous town, nor will I be long from you, being right eager for battle."

Therewith Athene touched him with her golden wand. First she cast about his breast a fresh linen robe and a doublet, and she increased his bulk and bloom; dark his colour grew again, and his cheeks filled out, and the black beard spread thick around his chin. And his dear son marvelled at him, and looked away for very fear lest it should be a god, and he spake winged words—

"Even now, Stranger, thou art other in my sight than thou wert a moment since. Surely thou art a god of those that keep the wide heaven. Nay then, be gracious, and spare us, I pray thee."

And Odysseus answered him: "Behold, no god am I, nay, thy father am I, for whose sake thou sufferest many pains and groanest sore."

At the word he kissed his son and let a tear fall to the earth. But Telemachus believed not that it was his Father, and spake:

"Thou art not Odysseus my Father, but some god beguiles me, for truly but a moment gone thou wert old and foully clad, but now thou art like the gods that keep the wide heaven."

Then Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered him—

"It fits thee not to marvel over much on thy Father that is come home. Thou shalt find no other Odysseus come hither any more, but lo! all as I am I have come in the twentieth year to mine own country. This is the work of Athene, 'driver of the spoil,' who makes me now like a beggar, and again like a young man clad about in rich raiment."

Then Telemachus flung himself on his good Father's neck, mourned and shed tears,

and in both their hearts arose the desire of lamentation. And they wailed aloud more unceasing than sea-eagles or vultures of crooked claws, whose younglings the country-folk have taken from their nest. Then the wise Telemachus asked his glorious Father how he came to Ithaca, and Odysseus answered him—

"The Phaeacians brought me hither, mariners renowned, who speed men on their way whosoever comes to them. But come, tell me all the tale of the Wooers, and their number, that I may commune with my good heart whether we twain shall be able to make head against them without aid, or whether we shall seek succour of others."

Then wise Telemachus answered—

"This is a hard saying of thine; awe comes over me; for it may not be that two men should do battle with many men and stalwart. For of the Wooers there are not ten, nor twice ten only, but many a decad more."

Then the patient goodly Odysseus spake:

"Yea now, I will tell thee, and do thou

mark and listen to me, and consider whether Athene and Father Zeus will suffice for us twain!"

Then wise Telemachus answered—

"Verily, the best of champions are these two thou namest, though high in the clouds is their seat."

Then Odysseus answered him—

"These twain will not keep aloof from the strong tumult of war, when between us and the wooers is held the trial of the might of Ares. And if thou art indeed my son, let no man hear that Odysseus is come home, neither Laertes, nor the swineherd, nor Penelope herself."

Thus he spake, and meanwhile the black ship that bare Telemachus from Pylos was being brought to land in Ithaca. When they were now come, they sent forward a herald to the house of Odysseus to bear the tidings to prudent Penelope. These two met, the herald and the goodly swineherd. And when they were got to the house of the divine king the herald spake out among all the handmaids, saying—

"Verily, O Queen, thy son hath come out of Pylos."

But the swineherd sent up to Penelope, and told her all that her dear son had bidden him say.

But the suitors were troubled in spirit, and they went from the hall, and in front of the gates they sat them down. And Eurymachus, son of Polybus, spake first "Verily, friends, a proud deed hath Telemachus accomplished."

Thus he spake, and they arose and went to the seaboard. Then Antinous spake among them, the son of Eupeithes "Lo now! some god hath brought him home But even here let us devise an evil end for him, and let him not escape from out our hands."

So he spake, and they all held their peace. Then Amphinomus made harangue, he was the famous son of Nisus, and led the Wooers from Dulichium; and more than all the rest his words were pleasing to Penelope, for he was of an understanding mind. "I for one," he said, "would not choose to kill Telemachus:

it is a fearful thing to slay one of the stock of kings."

Then they all arose and went to the house of Odysseus.

Then the wise Penelope had a new thought, namely, to show herself to the wooers, for she had heard of the death of her son, which was to be in the halls. So she went on her way with the women, her handmaidens.

Now when that fair lady had come to the suitors she stood by the door-posts of the well-builded roof, holding up her glistening tire before her face, and rebuked Antinous—

"Antinous, full of all insolence, deviser of mischief! Fool! why indeed dost thou devise death and doom for Telemachus, and hast no regard to suppliants who have Zeus to witness? What! knowest thou not of the day when thy Father fled to this house in fear of the people, who wished to destroy him and wrest from him his abundant livelihood; but Odysseus restrained and withheld them. His house thou now consumest, and his wife thou wooest, and wouldst slay his son. But I bid thee cease."

Then Eurymachus, son of Polybus, answered her—

"Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, take courage. The man lives not that shall stretch forth his hand against Telemachus while I live and see the light."

Thus spake he, comforting her, but was himself the while framing death for her son.

Now she ascended to her shining upper chamber and there bewailed Odysseus, her dear lord, till gray-eyed Athene cast sweet sleep upon her eyes.

And in the evening the goodly swineherd came back to Odysseus and his son, and they went about to make ready the supper.

Then Athene drew near Odysseus and smote him with her wand, and made him into an old man again, and clad him in sorry raiment, lest the swineherd should know him and tell the steadfast Penelope.

As soon as early Dawn, the rosy-fingered, shone forth, Telemachus, the dear son of divine Odysseus, bound beneath his feet his goodly sandals and took up his mighty spear

that fitted his grasp, to make for the city, and he spake to Eumæus—

"Verily, father, I am bound for the city, that my mother may see me, for she will not cease from grievous wailing until she beholds my very face. But this command I give thee. lead this stranger, the hapless one, to the city, that there he may beg his meat, and whoso chooses will give him a morsel of bread and a cup of water"

And Odysseus, the man of many wiles, answered him—

"I, too, have no great desire to be left behind here. It is better that a beggar should beg his meat in the town than in the country."

"Go now, and this man will lead me, so soon as I shall be warmed with fire and the sun waxeth hot, for wofully poor are these garments of mine, and I fear lest the hoar frost of the Dawn overcome me"

Now when Telemachus was come to the fair-lying house he set his spear against the tall pillar, and himself crossed the threshold of stone.

Now wise Penelope came forth from her chamber, like Artemis or golden Aphrodite, and cast her arms about her dear son, and wept aloud and spake to him winged words: "Thou hast come, Telemachus, sweet light of mine eyes, methought I should never see thee again, after thou hadst gone without my will to Pylos to seek news of thy dear Father."

And Telemachus answered her and spake: "Mother mine, wake not wailing in the soul of me, that have but now fled from utter death. Nay, wash thee in water and take to thee fresh raiment, and go aloft to thine upper chamber and vow to all the gods acceptable hecatombs, if haply Zeus may grant deeds of requital to be made."

Thus he spake, and his unwinged word abode with her, and she did as he had told her.

Now Telemachus went through the hall with the spear in his hand, and two swift hounds bore him company; and Athene shed on him a wondrous grace, and all the people marvelled.

And the lordly wooers gathered about him, with fair words on their lips, but brooding evil in their hearts.

Then he led the travel worn Stranger to the fair-lying palace, where they laid aside their mantles on the chairs and high seats, and went to the polished baths.

And the Mother of Telemachus sat over against him by the door, spinning the slender threads from the yarn.

Now when they had put from them the desire of meat and drink, the wise Penelope first spake—

"Telemachus, verily I will go up to my chamber and lay me on my bed, the place of my groaning, that is ever watered by my tears, since the day when Odysseus departed with the sons of Atreus for Ilios.

"Tell me now clearly concerning the returning of thy father, if haply thou hast heard thereof."

And Telemachus answered and said: "Yea now, Mother, I will tell thee all. We went to Pylos, and to Nestor, the shepherd of the people, the wisest of men. And he

sent me forward with horses and a chariot to Menelaus, son of Atreus. There I saw Argive Helen, for whose sake Argives and Trojans bore much travail by the gods' design. And straightway Menelaus 'of the loud war cry' asked me on what quest I had come to goodly Lacedæmon, and I told him the truth." Then he spake, saying—

"'Even as when a hind hath couched her new-born fawns unweaned in a strong lion's lair, and afterward the lion cometh back to his bed and sendeth forth unsightly death upon them, even so shall Odysseus send forth destruction upon the wooers.'"

So spake he and stirred her heart within her breast.

Then wise Penelope answered. "Oh! that this word might be accomplished!"

Thus they spake one to another.

Now all the while Odysseus and the goodly swineherd were bestirring themselves from the field to the city. And the swineherd, the master of men, spake first: "Friend, I see thou art eager to be going to the city to-day—though myself I

would well that thou shouldst be left here to keep the steading."

Then Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered him: "Let us be going, and be thou my guide withal unto the end. And give me a staff to lean on, for truly thou saidst that the way was treacherous."

And as they fared and drew near to the town they came to the fair-flowing spring, with a basin whence the people of the city drew water, and above was an altar to the Nymphs, whereat all wayfarers made offering. In that place Melanthius, son of Dolius, met them leading his goats to feast the Wooers. And when he saw Odysseus and Eumæus he reviled them, saying: "Now verily the vile is leading the vile, for the gods bring ever like to like. Whither then, thou wretched swineherd, art thou leading this glutton, this troublesome beggar, the bane of feasts? If ever he fares to the house of the divine Odysseus, many a stool flung at his head shall his ribs wear out, as they cast at him in the house."

Therewith, as he went past, he leaped up

and kicked Odysseus in the thigh. And Odysseus pondered whether he should rush upon him and take away his life with the staff, or lift him up by the feet and smite his head to the earth. But he hardened his heart and refrained himself.

And the swineherd rebuked Malanthius and prayed aloud: "Nymphs of the well-waters, daughters of Zeus, if ever Odysseus burnt on your altars the thighs of rams or kids, fulfil me this wish. Oh that he may come home and the God may bring him, then would he scatter all thy vaunts which now thou utterest insolently."

Then Melanthius went into the house and sat down among the Wooers, over against Eurymachus, whom he loved above the rest.

Now Odysseus and the goodly swineherd drew near, and the sound of the hollow lyre rang around them, for Phemius was lifting up his voice in song. And Odysseus caught the swineherd by the hand and said —

"Eumæus, verily this is the house of Odysseus! There is building upon building, and the court of the house is cunningly

wrought with a wall and battlements; and well-fenced are the folding doors, no man may disdain it."

Then answered Eumæus—

"Thou knowest it easily, for thou never lackest understanding. But come, either do thou go first within the fair lying halls, or, if thou wilt, abide here and I will go before thy face."

And Odysseus answered him: "Do thou go before me, for well I know what it is to be smitten and hurled at."

Thus they spake one to another. And lo! a hound raised his head from where he lay and pricked his ears—Argos, the hound of the much-enduring Odysseus, which of old himself had bred, but had no joy of him, for ere that he went to sacred Ilion. Now in time past the young men used to lead him against wild goats and deer and hares; but now his master was gone, and he lay cast out in the deep dung of mules and kine. There lay the dog Argos, full of vermin. Yet even now when he saw Odysseus standing by, he wagged his tail and dropped

both his ears, but nearer to his master he had not the strength to draw. But Odysseus looked aside and wiped away a tear, that he easily hid from Eumæus, and spake—

'Truly this hound is goodly of limb, but I know not whether he has speed with his beauty, or if he be only comely like men's trencher dogs that their lords keep for the pleasure of the eye.'

Then didst thou answer, swineherd Eumæus "If he were what once he was thou wouldst marvel at his strength and swiftness. There was no monster that could flee from him in the deep places of the wood when he was in pursuit."

Therewith he passed within the fair-lying house to the company of the proud Wooers. But upon the good dog Argos came the fate of black death, even in the hour that he beheld Odysseus again in the twentieth year.

Now godlike Telemachus was the first to behold the swineherd, and he called him to his side.

And close behind Eumæus, Odysseus entered in the guise of a beggar and sat him

down on the ashen threshold within the doorway, leaning against a pillar of cypress wood. And Telemachus took a whole loaf out of the fair basket, and of flesh so much as his hands could hold, and said to Eumæus—

"Take and give this to the Stranger, and bid him go about himself and beg of all the Wooers in their turn."

And the swineherd went and spake to him winged words—

"Stranger, Telemachus gives thee these and bids thee go about and beg, for, he says, shame ill becomes a beggar man."

Then Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered. "King Zeus grant that Telemachus may be happy among men, and may he have also his heart's desire."

Then he ate meat so long as the minstrel was singing in the halls. But Athene stood by Odysseus and moved him to go gathering morsels of bread among the Wooers and learn which were righteous and which unjust. And they pitied him, and gave him this and that, and asked one another who he was and whence he came.

And Antinous rebuked the swineherd, saying: "O notorious swineherd, wherefore, I pray thee, didst thou bring this man to the city? Have we not vagrants enough and troublesome beggars?"

Then wise Telemachus spake to Antinous with mocking words—

"Antinous, verily thou hast a pretty care for me, as it were a father for his son, that thou biddest me drive a guest from the hall. God forbid that such a thing should be! Take somewhat and give it him. Lo! I grudge it not. Nay, but thou hast no such thoughts in thy heart, for thou art far more fain to eat thyself than to give to another."

Then Antinous answered—

"Telemachus, high-spoken, in rage uncontrolled, what word hast thou spoken? If all the wooers vouchsafed him as much as I, this house would keep him far enough aloof for three months' space."

So saying he seized the footstool, whereon he rested his smooth feet, and showed it from beneath the table.

But all the others gave something and

filled the wallet. And Odysseus was going back with it to the threshold, but he halted by Antinous, and said—

"Friend, give me somewhat for I too was once a rich man with a wealthy house, and many a time I gave to a wanderer.

Then Antinous spake—

"What god hath brought this plague hither to trouble our feast? Stand away from my table lest thou come to a bitter Egypt and a sad Cyprus of which thou tellest, for a bold beggar art thou and shameless

Then Odysseus answered him Lo, now I see thou hast not wisdom with thy beauty."

He spake, and Antinous waxed yet more wroth, and caught up the footstool and smote Odysseus on the right shoulder. But he stood firm as a rock, and spake among the Wooers—

"Hear *me*, ye Wooers of the renowned Queen."

And they were all exceeding wroth at Antinous. And on this wise would one of the lordly youths speak to him—

"Antinous, thou didst ill to smite the hapless wanderer; yea, even the gods in the likeness of strangers put on all manner of shapes to watch the violence and the righteousness of men."

So spake the Wooers, but Antinous heeded not.

Now Telemachus felt grief wax strong at the smiting of Odysseus, but he let no tear fall from his eyelids to the ground, but he brooded evil to the Wooers in the deep of his heart.

Now when the wise Penelope heard of the stranger being smitten, she spake among her maidens, saying—

"Oh that Apollo, the famed archer, may so smite thee thyself, Antinous."

Then Penelope spake again, saying—

"Go, call the Stranger hither that he may speak to me face to face. Oh! if Odysseus might come again to his own country, soon would he and his son avenge the violence of these men."

Even as she spake Telemachus sneezed loudly, and all around the roof rang wond-

rously; and Penelope laughed and spake winged words—

"Go, call the Stranger. Dost thou not mark how my son hath sneezed a blessing on all my words? Wherefore death shall be wrought upon the Wooers every one."

And the swineherd went to the Stranger, and spake winged words—

"Father and Stranger, the wise mother of Penelope is calling for thee to inquire touching her lord."

Then the patient goodly Odysseus answered him—

"Eumæus, soon would I tell all the truth to the daughter of Icarius, but I fear the throng of the froward Wooers, whose outrage and violence reach even to the iron heaven. Wherefore, now, bid Penelope tarry in the halls for all her eagerness till the going down of the sun."

And the goodly swineherd brought this answer to the prudent Penelope.

And the wise Penelope answered—

"The Stranger deems as a man of understanding. For there are no mortal men,

methinks, so wanton as these, and none that devise such infatuate deeds."

Then the goodly swineherd spake to Telemachus winged words: "Friend, I am going to look after the swine, thy livelihood and mine."

And wise Telemachus answered him: "Even so, Father, shall it be."

Then Eumæus went in and sat on the polished settle; and when he had supped, he left the hall full of feasters; and they were making merry with dance and song, for already it was close on eventide.

Then up came a common beggar, known in the town of Ithaca for ravening greed and his endless eating and drinking; yet he had no force, though he was bulky enough to look at. Arnæus was his name, but all the young men called him Irus, because he ran on errands. And be began reviling Odysseus, and spake winged words—

"Get thee hence, old man, from the doorway, lest thou be haled out soon by the foot. Get thee up lest our quarrel pass even to blows."

Then Odysseus, rich in counsel, spake:—

"Sir, neither in deed nor word do I harm thee, nor do I grudge that any should give to thee. But this threshold will hold us both. Only provoke me not overmuch, lest, old though I be, I defile thy breast and lips with blood."

Then the beggar Irus spake to him in anger—

"Lo now! how trippingly and like an old cinder-wife this glutton speaketh, on whom I will work my will, and smite him right and left, and drive all his teeth from his jaws, like the tusks of a swine that spoils the corn. Gird thyself now, that all these may know our mettle in fight."

And the mighty prince Antinous heard the twain, and sweetly he laughed out and spake—

"Friends, never before has the god brought such a goodly game to this house. The Stranger and Irus are bidding each other to buffets; let us match them one against the other."

Then they all leaped up laughing; and Antinous spake among them—

"Here are goats' bellies lying at the fire, full of fat and blood. Now, whosoever of the twain wins, let him stand up and take his choice of these puddings. And further, he shall always be at our feast, nor will we suffer any other beggar."

Then Odysseus, rich in counsel, spake—

"Friends, an old man, foredone with travail, may in no wise fight with a younger, but my stomach's call is urgent—that evil worker. But come now, swear me a strong oath that none out of favour to Irus may strike me a foul blow."

And they all swore.

Then the mighty prince Telemachus spake again—

"Stranger, have no fear, for whoso strikes thee will have to fight with many."

Then Odysseus girt his rags about him, and let his goodly thighs and his broad shoulders and breast and mighty arms be seen. And Athene made greater the limbs of the shepherd of the people, and the Wooers were exceedingly amazed.

And the mind of Irus was pitifully dis-

turbed; but even so the servants led him out perforce, his flesh trembling on his limbs. Then Antinous chid him, and spake—

"Thou braggart, better for thee thou wert not now, nor ever hadst been, born, if indeed thou tremblest before this man, an old man too foredone with travail."

So spake he, and yet greater trembling gat hold of Irus; and they led him into the ring. Then the goodly Odysseus mused in himself, whether he should smite him in such wise that his life should leave his body, or whether he should smite him lightly, and stretch him on the earth.

Then the twain put up their hands, and Irus struck at the right shoulder, but the other smote him on his neck beneath the ear and crushed in the bones, and the dark blood gushed up through his mouth, and with a howl he fell in the dust.

But the proud Suitors threw up their hands and died outright with laughing. Then Odysseus seized Irus by the foot and dragged him to the gates of the corridor, and rested him against the courtyard wall, and put his

staff in his hand, and spake to him winged words—

"Sit thou there, and scare off swine and dogs, and let not such a one as thou be lord over strangers and beggars."

And Antinous set by him the great pudding stuffed with blood, and Amphinomus took two loaves from the basket, and set them by him, and pledged him in a golden cup, saying—

"Father and Stranger, hail! may happiness be thine in the time to come."

And Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered him—

"Amphinomus, verily thou seemest to me a prudent man, as was thy father before thee, namely, Nisus of Dulichium, a good man and a rich. Now mark my words; I see the Wooers devising such infatuate deeds, as they waste the wealth and hold in no regard the wife of a man, who, methinks, will not much longer be far from his own land. But for thee, may some god lead thee hence to thy home, and mayest thou not meet him when he returns, for not without

blood will they be sundered, the Wooers and Odysseus, when he shall come under his own roof."

But Amphinomus went back through the house sad at heart, and bowing his head, for verily his soul boded evil.

Now the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, put it into the heart of the wise Penelope to show herself to the Suitors So she laughed an idle laugh and spake to the nurse--

"Eurynome, my heart yearns, though before I had no such desire, to show myself to the Wooers, hateful as they are."

Then the housewife, Eurynome, answered—

"Go then, my child, and speak to thy son, but first wash thee and anoint thy face, and go not as thou art with thy cheeks stained with tears. Go, for it is little good to sorrow always and never cease."

Then wise Penelope answered her--

"Eurynome, speak not thus comfortably to me, loving as thou art, nor bid me to wash me and be anointed with ointment, for the gods that keep Olympus destroyed my

bloom, since the day that he departed in the hollow ships. But bid Autonoe and Hippodameia come to me, to stand by my side, for alone I will not go among men, for I am ashamed."

Thereon the goddess Athene had another thought. She shed a sweet slumber over the daughter of Icarius, and all her joints were loosened as she lay in the chair, and the fair goddess the while was giving her gifts immortal that all the Achaians might marvel at her. Her fair face she steeped with beauty imperishable, such as that wherewith the crowned Cytherea is anointed when she goes to the lovely dances of the Graces. And she made her taller and greater to behold, and made her whiter than new-sawn ivory.

Then sweet sleep left hold of Penelope, and she rubbed her cheeks and said—

"Surely soft slumber wrapped me round, most wretched though I be. Oh! that pure Artemis would give me so soft a death even now that I might no more waste my life in longing for the manifold excellence of my dear lord."

Then she went down from the shining upper chamber, not alone. Now when the fair lady had come to the Wooers she stood by the door-post, holding her glistening tire before her face, and on either side of her stood a faithful handmaid. And straightway the knees of the Wooers were loosened, and their hearts were enchanted, and each man prayed that she might be his wife.

And Eurymachus spoke to Penelope—

"Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, if all the Achaians in Iasian Argos should behold thee, a still greater press of Wooers would feast in thy halls, since thou dost surpass all women in beauty and stature and within in wisdom of mind."

And the wise Penelope answered him—

"Ah! well do I remember how he took me by the right hand and spake: 'Lady, methinks that *all* the well greaved Achaians will not make good their safe return from Troy, for the Trojans too, they say, are good men-at-arms. Wherefore I know not if the gods will suffer me to return; so do thou have a care for all these things; be mindful

of my Father and Mother, as now thou art, while I am far away. But when thou seest thy son a bearded man, then marry whom thou wilt, and leave thine own house.'

"So did he speak, and now all things have an end. The night shall come when a hateful marriage shall find me out—me, whose good hap Zeus has taken away."

"But this was not the manner of Wooers in time past. Whoso wish to woo a good lady bring with them oxen of their own and goodly flocks, and they give splendid gifts, but ye devour another's livelihood unatoned for."

So she spake, and the goodly Odysseus rejoiced because she drew from them gifts and beguiled their souls.

Then Antinous, son of Eupeithes, answered her again—

"Wise Penelope, the gifts which any of the Achaians bring do thou take. But we, for our part, will not go to our lands nor otherwise before thou art wedded to the best man of the Achaians.'

Then each man sent a henchman to bring his gifts.

Then the fair lady went aloft to her upper chamber, and her maidens bare for her the lovely gifts, while the Wooers turned to dancing and the delight of song.

Then the prince Odysseus spake among them—

"Ye maidens of Odysseus, go to the honoured Queen and twist the yarn at her side and gladden her heart, but I will minister light to all these that are here For even if they wait for the throned Dawn, the rosy-fingered, they shall not outstay me"

And the fair Melantho chid him shamefully—Melantho the daughter of Dolius, whom Penelope reared and entreated her tenderly, as she had been her own child

"Wretched guest," she cried, "thou art some brain-sick man who pratest here among many lords and hast no fear. Verily wine has got about thy wits. Art thou beside thyself because thou hast beaten the beggar Irus?"

Then Odysseus looked askance at her and

said: "Yea, straight will I go yonder and tell Telemachus, thou shameless thing, that forthwith he may cut thee limb from limb."

And his saying scared away the women, for they deemed his words were true.

And Eurymachus waxed yet more wroth against Odysseus, and spake to him winged words: "Ah! wretch that thou art, right soon will I work thee mischief."

Therewith he caught up a stool; but Odysseus sat him down at the knees of Amphinomus of Dulichium, in dread of Eurymachus. And Eurymachus cast and smote the cup-bearer on the right hand, and the cup dropped to the ground with a clang, while the young man groaned and fell backwards in the dust. And the Wooers clamoured through the halls.

Then the mighty prince Telemachus spake among them: "Sirs, ye are mad; now ye no longer hide it that ye have eaten and drunken; some one of the gods is surely moving you. Nay, now that ye have feasted well, go home and lay you to rest. But the stranger let us leave in the halls of Odysseus."

Then the lord Mulius, the squire of Amphinomus, mixed the bowl, and served it to them in their turn, and they poured forth a libation to the blessed gods and departed.

Now the goodly Odysseus was left behind in the hall, devising with Athene's aid the slaying of the Wooers, and he spake winged words—

"Telemachus, we must needs lay by the weapons of war, every one; and when the Wooers miss them, thou shalt beguile them with soft words, saying. 'Out of the smoke I laid them by, since they are no longer like those that Odysseus left behind him when he went to Troy.'"

And Telemachus hearkened to his dear father and called to him the nurse Eurycleia, and spake. "Nurse, come now I pray thee, shut up the women in their chamber till I shall have laid by the goodly weapons of my father, which all uncared for the smoke dims in the hall."

Then the good nurse Eurycleia answered him: "But who shall go with thee and bear

the light, since thou sufferest not the maidens to go before thee?"

And wise Telemachus made answer: "This stranger here, for I will keep no man to eat my bread in idleness."

Thus he spake, and his word, unwinged, abode with her, and she closed the doors of the fair-lying chambers. Then they twain sprang up, Odysseus and his renowned son, and set to carry within the helmets, the studded shields and the pointed spears; and before them Pallas Athene bare a golden cresset and cast a most lovely light. Thereon Telemachus spake suddenly—

"Father, surely a great marvel is this I behold with my eyes. Verily some god is within, of those that hold the wide heaven!"

"And Odysseus, rich in counsel answered: "Hold thy peace, and keep all this in thine heart, and ask not hereof. Lo! this is the wont of the gods that hold Olympus, but do thou go and lay thee down, and I will abide here"

And Telemachus went to lie down in his chamber where of old he took his rest,

and awaited the bright Dawn, the rosy-fingered.

And now forth from her chamber came the wise Penelope, like Artemis or golden Aphrodite, and they set a chair for her by the fire. Here the wise Penelope sat her down, and next came the white-armed handmaids and took away the fragments of the feast and piled fresh logs upon the braziers to give light and warmth

Now Melantho began the second time to revile Odysseus, and Penelope heard her, and rebuked her, saying · "Thou shameless thing and unabashed, thy sins are in no wise hidden from me, and thy blood shall be on thine own head for the same."

Therewith she spake likewise to the house-dame, Eurynome: "Eurynome, bring hither a settle with a fleece thereon, that the Stranger may sit and speak with me"

And the nurse made haste and brought a polished settle, and Odysseus sat him down, and the wise Penelope spake first—

"Who art thou of the sons of men, and where are thy city and thy parents?"

And the goodly, patient Odysseus answered—

"Lady, ask me now all else, but inquire not concerning my race and country, lest in the memory thereof thou fill my heart the more with pains, for I am a man of many sorrows."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "If but Odysseus might come and watch over this my life, greater then would be my fame and fairer. But now I am in sorrow. But I waste my heart away in longing for Odysseus, and they speed on my marriage, and I weave a web of wiles. First, some god put it into my heart to set up a great web in the halls, and thereat to weave a robe fine of wool and very wide, and anon I spake among them saying—

"'Ye princely youths, my Wooers, now that goodly Odysseus is dead, abide patiently, how eager soever ye be, till I finish the web, even this shroud for the hero Laertes, against the day when the deadly doom shall bring him low.'

"So spake I, and their high hearts con-

sented thereto. So then in the daytime I would weave the mighty web, and in the night unravel the same. Thus for the space of three years I hid the thing by craft, and beguiled the minds of the Achaians. But when the fourth year arrived, then it was that by the help of the handmaids, shameless things and reckless, the Wooers came and trapped me, and chid me loudly. Then did I finish the web, by no will of mine, for so I must. And now I can neither escape the marriage, nor devise any further counsel."

"But do thou tell me of thine own stock, whence thou art; for thou art not, I ween, sprung of oak or rock, whereof old tales tell."

Then he told her many a false tale in the likeness of truth, and her tears flowed as she listened, and her flesh melted; but when she had taken her fill of tearful lamentation, she answered him in turn—

"Friend as thou art, I would fain make trial of thee and learn whether, in very truth, thou didst entertain him there in Crete; and tell me what manner of raiment he was

clothed in, and what manner of man he was himself."

Then Odysseus answered her—

"Lady, it is hard for one so long parted to tell thee all this. Goodly Odysseus wore a thick purple mantle, twofold, which had a brooch fashioned in gold, with a double covering for the pins; and on the face of it was a curious device—a hound in his fore-paws held a dappled fawn, and gripped it as it writhed."

So spake he, and stirred still more the desire of weeping, as she knew the certain tokens that Odysseus showed her, and she spake, saying—

"Now, verily, Stranger, it was I that gave him the garments that thou namest and folded them myself."

And the goodly Odysseus answered her: "Waste not thy heart with weeping any more for thy lord Zeus be my witness that Odysseus shall come hither in this self-same year, as the old moon waxes and the new is born."

Then wise Penelope answered: "Ah!

Stranger, would that this word of thine may be accomplished. But on this wise my heart has a boding, and so shall it be: Odysseus shall *not* come any more."

"But do ye, my maidens, wash this man's feet and lay a bed for him, mattrass and mantles and shining blankets, that well and warmly he may come to the time of golden-throned Dawn, the rosy-fingered. And very early in the morning bathe him and anoint him, that he may eat meat, sitting quietly by Telemachus in the hall. And it shall be the worse for any one of the proud Wooers that vexes the Stranger."

Then Odysseus answered her—

"O wife, revered of Odysseus, son of Laertes, mantles and blankets are hateful to me since first I left behind me the snowy hills of Crete. For many a night I have lain on an unsightly bed and awaited the golden-throned Dawn, the rosy-fingered. And baths for the feet are no longer my delight, nor shall any of thy serving maidens wash me—unless there chance to be some old wife, true of heart, one that has borne as much trouble

as myself. I would not grudge that such a one should touch my foot."

Then wise Penelope answered—

"Dear Stranger, I have such an ancient woman of an understanding heart, that diligently nursed the hapless man my lord, and took him in her arms in the hour when his mother bare him. She will wash thy feet, albeit she is weak with age. Up now, wise Eurycleia, and wash this man who is of like age with thy master."

So she spake, and the old woman covered her face with her hands and shed warm tears, saying: "Ah! woe is me, child, for thy sake, all helpless that I am. Surely Zeus hated thee above all men, though thou hadst a god-fearing spirit."

"Haply, at him too, the women like to mock among strangers afar, even as these shameless ones mock at thee. To shun their insults I will wash thy feet, both for Penelope's sake and for thine own, for my heart within me is moved to pity."

But Odysseus had a misgiving heart, lest

when she handled him she might recognise the scar.

Now she drew near her lord to wash him, and straightway she knew the wound that the boar had driven with his white tusk long ago, when Odysseus went to Parnassus to see Autolycus, his mother's noble father.

Once on a time, Autolycus came to the rich lands of Ithaca, and found his daughter's son a child new born; and behold Eurycleia set the babe on his knees and hailed him: "Autolycus, find now a name to give thy child's own son."

Then Autolycus made answer "My daughter and my daughter's lord, give ye him whatsoever name I tell you. For, behold I am come hither in great wrath against many men and women, wherefore the child's name shall be 'a river of wrath'—Odysseus."

"But when the child, full-grown, comes to the great house at Parnassus, where are my possessions, I will give him a gift out of them."

Therefore Odysseus went to receive the splendid gifts. And Autolycus and his sons

greeted him with gentle words, and Amphithea, his mother's mother, cast her arms about him and kissed his beautiful eyes.

Now so soon as Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, they all went forth to the chase —the hounds and the sons, and with them the goodly Odysseus. So they fared up the steep hill of wood-clad Parnassus and came to the windy hollows. Now the sun was but just striking on the fields, and was come from the flowing stream of deep Oceanus. Then the beaters reached a glade of the woodland, and before them the hounds ran tracking a scent, but behind came the sons of Autolycus, and with them goodly Odysseus swaying a long spear.

Thereby, in a thicket, was a great boar lying; and through the coppice the force of the wet wind blew never, neither did the bright sun light on it with his rays, nor would the rains pierce through, so thick it was, and of fallen leaves there was great plenty therein.

Then the noise of the men's feet and the
But [illegible]e upon the b[illegible] they pressed

on, and forth from his lair he sprang towards them with his back well bristled and fire shining in his eyes, and he stood at bay before them all.

Then Odysseus was the first to rush on, holding his spear aloft, most keen to smite but the boar was too quick for him, and struck him above the knee, ripping through much flesh with his tusk as he charged sideways, but he reached to the bone. But Odysseus thrust at his right shoulder and hit it, so that the point of the bright spear went right through, and the boar fell in the dust with a cry, and his life passed from him And Autolycus and his sons got Odysseus well healed, and gave him splendid gifts, and quickly sent him back to Ithaca, gladly speeding a glad-healed guest And his Father and lady Mother were glad of his returning, and asked him of all his adventures.

Now the old woman Eurycleia took the scarred limb and passed her hand down it, and knew it by the touch, and let the foot drop suddenly, so that the knee fell into the bath, and the [illegible] rang being turned over,

and that water was spilled on the ground. Then grief and joy came to her in one moment, and her eyes filled up with tears; and touching the chin of Odysseus she spake to him, saying—

"Yea verily, thou art Odysseus, and I knew thee not before, till I had handled the knee of my lord."

Therewith she looked towards Penelope as minded to tell her. But Penelope could not meet her eyes nor understand, for Athene had bent her thoughts to other things. But Odysseus seized the old woman's throat with his right hand, and with the other drew her closer to him, and said—

"Woman, why wouldst thou indeed destroy me? It was thou that didst nurse me, and now after travail and much pain I am come home in the twentieth year. But since thou art ware of me, and the god hath put this into thy heart, be silent, lest another learn the matter in the halls."

Then wise Eurycleia answered—

"My child, what a word hath escaped the door of thy lips! Thou [illegible]st how firm is

my spirit, and I will keep me close as hard stone or iron. And I will tell thee all the tale of the women in the halls, which of them dishonours thee and which be guiltless."

And when the old woman had washed him and anointed him well with olive oil, Odysseus drew his settle nearer to the fire to warm himself, and covered up the scar with his rags. Then prudent Penelope spake first, saying--

"Stranger, soon it will be the hour of pleasant rest, to him on whomsoever sweet sleep falls. But to me hath the god given sorrow measureless. And when night comes and sleep takes hold of all, I lie on my couch, and shrewd cares thronging about my inmost heart disquiet me."

"Even as when the daughter of Pandareus, the brown bright nightingale, sings sweet in the first season of the spring from her seat in the thick leafage of the trees; and with many a turn and trill she pours forth her full-voiced music, bewailing her child dear Itylus, whom on a time she slew with a sword unwitting—Itylus the son of Zethus the prince; even as her song my [illegible] soul sways to and fro."

"But come now, hear a dream of mine, and do thou tell me the interpretation thereof. Twenty geese I have in the house, and it gladdens me to look on them. Now a great eagle of crooked beak came forth from the mountain and brake all their necks and slew them, and they lay strewn in a heap in the halls while he was borne aloft to the bright airs."

"Thereon I made piteous lament to the fair-tressed Achaian women who gathered round me, for that the eagle had slain my geese. But he came back and sat down on a jutting point of the roof-beam, and with the voice of a man he spake and stayed my weeping: 'Take heart, daughter of renowned Icarius, this is a true vision. The geese are the Wooers, and I, that was before the eagle, am now thy husband come again, who will let mighty death slip upon all the Wooers.' With that sweet slumber let me go, and I looked about and beheld the geese in the courtyard devouring the wheat."

Then wise Penelope spake again—

"Stranger, verily dr[illegible] hard to be

discerned, nor are all things therein fulfilled for men. Twain are the gates of shadowy dreams; the one is fashioned of horn and one of ivory. Such dreams as pass through the portals of sawn ivory are deceitful, and bear tidings that are unfulfilled for men. But the dreams that come through the gates of polished horn bring a true issue."

"But lo! even now the morn draws near of evil name to me and to my son that is to sever me from the house of Odysseus; for I am about to ordain for a trial those axes that he was wont to set up in his halls, twelve in all, and he would stand far apart and shoot an arrow through all their rings. And now I will offer this contest to the Wooers. Whoso shall most easily string the bow in his hands, and shoot through all the twelve axes, with him will I go and forsake this house, this honourable house, so very fair and filled with all livelihood, which, methinks, I shall yet remember, aye, even in a dream."

Then Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered her and said—

"Wife reve[illegible]Odysseus, son of Laertes,

no longer delay this contest in thy halls; for, lo, Odysseus of many wiles, shall be here before these men."

Then the wise Penelope answered him and said—

"Stranger, if only thou wert willing to sit beside me in the hall and delight me, not upon my eyelids would sleep be shed. Howbeit I will go aloft to my upper chamber and lay me on my bed, the place of my groanings, that is ever watered by my tears. There will I lay me down."

Now the goodly Odysseus laid him down to rest in the outer gallery of the house. There he lay wakeful with evil thoughts against the Wooers in his heart.

Then the heart of Odysseus was stirred within him. Then he smote upon his breast and said—

"Endure, my heart; yea, baser things thou didst bear on that day when the Cyclops devoured the mighty men of thy company."

So spake he, and his heart abode ever steadfast in obedience [illegible] word. But he

lay tossing this way and that. Then from heaven came Athene, and drew nigh him in the likeness of a woman. And she stood over his head and spake—

"Lo now again, wherefore art thou watching, most luckless of men? Is not this thy house, and is not thy wife there within, and a son as men wish to have for their own?"

And Odysseus answered "Yes, Goddess, all this thou hast spoken is meet. But my heart muses upon this, how I may stretch forth my hands upon the shameless Wooers, being but one man, while they abide ever in companies. And even if I were to slay them by thy will and the will of Zeus, whither should I flee from the avengers?"

And gray-eyed Athene spake—

"Oh hard of belief! yea, many a one there be who would trust in a weaker friend than I am, in one that is a mortal; but I am the God that preserved thee to the end in all manner of toils. And now I tell thee plainly: even should fifty companies of mortal men compass us about eager to slay us, their kine [illegible]uldst thou drive off and

their brave flocks. But let sleep in turn come over thee; to wake and to watch all night, this, too, is vexation of spirit."

While sleep laid hold of him, loosening the cares of his soul, his good wife awoke and wept as she sat on her soft bed. But when she had taken her fill of weeping, to Artemis first the fair lady made her prayers—

"Artemis! lady and goddess! would that even now thou wouldst plant thy shaft within my breast and take my life away. Or would that the storm-wind might snatch me up and bear me hence down the dusky ways, and cast me forth where the back-flowing Oceanus mingles with the sea."

"As when the storms bare away the daughters of Pandareus; their father and their mother the gods had slain, and the maidens were left orphans. The golden Aphrodite cherished them with curds and sweet honey and delicious wine. And Here (Juno) gave them beauty and wisdom beyond the lot of women. And holy Artemis endowed them with stature, and Athene taught them skill in all famous h— —rk."

"Now while the fair Aphrodite was wending her way to high Olympus to pray to Zeus, whose delight is in the thunder, that a glad marriage might be made for them; in the meanwhile the spirits of the storm snatched away these maidens, and gave them to be handmaids to the hateful *Erinnyes* (Furies)."

"In such wise would that fair-tressed Artemis would strike me, that so with a vision of Odysseus before my eyes, I might even pass beneath the gloomy Earth nor make a baser man's delight."

So she spake, and anon came the golden-throned Dawn, the rosy-fingered. Then the goodly Odysseus lifted up his hands in prayer to Zeus—

"Father Zeus, let some I pray thee, of the folk that are waking show me a word of good omen within; and without let some other sign be shown to me from Zeus."

Straightway Zeus thundered from shining Olympus, from on high from the place of clouds. Moreover, a woman, a grinder at the mill, utte[illegible] voice of omen from the

house hard by. "Father Zeus," she said, "loudly hast thou thundered from the starry sky, yet nowhere is there a cloud to be seen. Fulfil now to me, even to miserable me, the word that I shall speak. May this be the last and latest day of the Wooers' sweet feasting in the halls of Odysseus. They that have loosened my knees with cruel toil to grind them barley meal." Thus she spake, and goodly Odysseus was glad at the omen

Then came the serving-men of the Achaians, and cleft the faggots well and cunningly, and the swineherd joined them, leading three fatted boars, the best in all the flock, and he spake to Odysseus gently—

"Tell me, Stranger, do the Achaians look on thee with more regard, or do they dishonour thee as heretofore?"

Then Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered—

"Oh that the gods, Eumæus, may avenge the scorn wherewith these men deal insolently and devise infatuate deeds in another's house."

Moreover another man came up, Philo-

etius, a master of men, leading a barren heifer and fatted goats, and himself questioned the swineherd: "Swineherd, who is this Stranger? Hapless is he, but in fashion he is like a royal lord; for even for kings the gods have woven the web of trouble."

And he came close to Odysseus, offering his right hand in welcome, and spake winged words—

"Father and Stranger hail! May happiness be thine in the time to come, but now thou art fast holden in many sorrows. Mine eyes stand full of tears for memory of Odysseus, for he too, methinks, is clad in such vile raiment as this man."

Then Odysseus, the much-enduring, answered—

"Neatherd, seeing thou art not like to an evil man or a foolish, I will tell thee somewhat. Be Zeus my witness before any god, that while thou art still here Odysseus will come home, and thou shalt see with thine eyes, if thou wilt, the slaughter of the Wooers, who lord it here."

Now Athene would in nowise allow the

lordly Wooers to abstain from biting scorn that the pain might sink yet the deeper into the heart of the son of Laertes. There was a Wooer, Ctesippus was his name and Same his home, who, trusting in his vast possessions, was wooing the wise Penelope. Now he spake—

"Hear me, ye lordly Wooers. The Stranger, verily, has long had his due portion, for it is not fair or just to rob the guests of Telemachus of their right. Go to then, I will bestow on him a stranger's gift, that he too in turn may give a present to the bath woman, or any other of the thralls."

Therewith he caught up an ox's foot that lay in the dish, and hurled it with a strong hand; but Odysseus lightly avoided it with a turn of the head, and smiled grimly.

Then Telemachus rebuked Ctesippus and spake—

"Verily, Ctesippus, it has turned out happier for thy heart's pleasure as it is. Thou didst not smite the Stranger, else surely would I have struck thee through the midst with my sharp spear, and in [illegible] of wedding

banquet thy father would have had to busy him about a funeral feast in this place."

So he spake, and they were all hushed to silence. And at last spake among them Agelaus, son of Damastor—

"Friends, when a righteous word has been spoken, none surely would rebuke another and be angry. Misuse not the Stranger nor any of the thralls that are in the house of god-like Odysseus. But to Telemachus I would speak a soft word, and to his mother. The event is now plain that the wise Odysseus will never return. Go then and sit by thy mother and tell her all; namely, that she *must* wed the best man that woos her and whoso giveth most gifts."

Then wise Telemachus answered—

"Nay, by Zeus, Agelaus, and by the griefs of my Father, in nowise do I delay my Mother's marriage; nay, I bid her be married to what man she will, and I offer gifts without number. But I do indeed feel shame to drive her forth from the halls against her will."

So spake [illegible]machus, but among the

Wooers Pallas Athene roused inextinguishable laughter and drave their wits wandering. And now they were laughing with alien lips, and blood-bedabbled was the flesh they ate, and their soul was fain with weeping.

Now the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, put it into the heart of Penelope to set the bow and the axes of gray iron for the Wooers in the halls of Odysseus, to be the weapons of the contest and the beginning of death. So she took the well-bent key of bronze, whereon was a handle of ivory, in her strong hand, and betook her with her maidens to the treasure-chamber in the uppermost part of the house, where lay the treasures of her lord, bronze and gold and iron. And there lay the back-bent bow and the quiver for the arrows winged with death, gifts of Iphitus to Odysseus, that met him in Lacedæmon, a man like to the gods. These twain fell in with one another in Messene, in the house of wise Ortilochus. But they never met at the board, for ere that could be, the son of Zeus, Heracles, slew Iphitus, the same that gave Odysseus the bow.

Now when the fair lady had come to the treasure-chamber, she quickly loosed the strap from the handle of the door and thrust in the key, and with a straight aim shot back the bolts. And even as a bull roars that is grazing in a meadow, so mightily roared the fair doors smitten by the key, and speedily they flew open before her. Then she stretched forth her hand and took the bow from off the pin, all in its bright case.

Then she sat her down, and set the case upon her knees, and cried aloud and wept and took out the bow of her lord.

Now when she had had her fill of tearful lamentation, she set forth to go to the Wooers in the hall with the back-bent bow in her hands, and the quiver for the arrows in which were many shafts winged for death.

Now when the fair lady had come to the Wooers she stood by the door-post, holding up her glistening tire before her face, and she spake out among the Wooers—

"Hear me, ye lordly Wooers that have vexed this house, that ye might eat and drink here evermore. Come now, ye Wooers, see-

ing that this is the prize that is put before you. I will set forth for you the great bow of divine Odysseus, and whoso shall most easily string the bow, and shoot through the rings of all twelve axes, with him I will go, and forsake this house, this honourable house which, methinks, I shall remember, aye, even in a dream."

She spake and commanded Eumæus to set the bow for the Wooers, and the axes of gray iron.

Then the mighty prince Telemachus spake among them—

"Nay, come, ye Wooers, seeing that this is the prize that is set before you, a lady, the like of whom there is not now in the Achaian land. Nay, but you know all this—why need I praise my mother? Come therefore, delay not the issue with excuses. I myself would make trial of this bow, and if I shall string it, my lady mother will not quit these halls to my grief."

Then he cast off his cloak of scarlet and sprang to his full height. Then he dug a trench and set up the [illegible] in one long

trench; then he went and stood by the threshold and began to prove the bow. Then he made the bow tremble in his great desire to draw it, and thrice he rested from the effort. And now he might have strung it, mightily straining for the fourth time, but Odysseus nodded frowning and stayed him.

Then he put the bow from him on the ground and sat him down on the high seat whence he had risen.

Then first stood up Leiodes, son of Œnops, their soothsayer; he alone hated their infatuate deeds. He first took the bow, and set to string it; but he could not bend it, for ere that might be his unworn delicate hands grew weary. And he spake—

"Friends, I verily cannot bend it, let some other take it. Ah! many of our bravest shall this bow rob of spirit and of life."

And Antinous ordered Melanthius to warm the bow and soften it with a great ball of lard that was within. And the young men warmed and anointed the bow, but they could not string it, for they were greatly lacking of such might.

warming it at the light of the fire, yet even so he could not string it; and in his great heart he groaned and called aloud, saying—

"Lo now! I am grieved for you and for myself. Not for this marriage so greatly, for there are other Achaian women, but I grieve if we are so much worse than divine Odysseus. It will be a shame, even for men unborn, to hear thereof."

Then Antinous answered him: "Eurymachus, this shall not be so. For to-day is the feast of the archer God, a holy feast! Who at such a time would bend the bow?"

And when they had poured forth and drunken, Odysseus, rich in counsel, spake—

"Hear me, ye Wooers of the renowned Queen; god-like Antinous has spoken this word aright, that for this present ye should cease from your archery, and leave the issue to the gods. But give *me* the polished bow, that I may prove my strength, whether I have yet any force, or whether my wanderings and needy fare have destroyed it."

So spake he, and they were all exceeding wroth, and Antinous hai[illegible]n, saying—

"Wretched Stranger, thou hast no wit, nay, never so little. Art thou not content to feast in our high company, while no beggar beside thee hears our speech? Wine wounds thee, honey sweet wine, the bane of all who drink out of measure."

Then the wise Penelope answered him—

"Antinous, truly it is not right to rob the guests of Telemachus of their due. Dost thou think that if he strings the bow he will lead me to his home as his wife?"

And Eurymachus answered—

"Daughter of Icarius, it is not that we deem that he will make thee his wife; but we dread the slanderous speech of the baser sort among the Achaians, lest they say: 'Truly, men far too weak are wooing the wife of one that is noble, and they cannot string the bow. But a beggar came and lightly strung the bow and pierced the rings of iron.'"

Then wise Telemachus spake to his mother—

"My Mother, as for the bow, no Achaian is mightier than I to give or to deny it. Not one of these sh[illegible] [illegible]e me if I choose to give

this bow, yea, once and for all, to the Stranger to bear away with him."

Now the goodly swineherd had taken the curved bow and was bearing it, when all the Wooers cried out upon him in the halls.

And thus some one of the haughty youths would say: "Whither art thou bearing the curved bow, thou vagabond, thou wretched swineherd?"

So spake they; and he took and set down the bow where he found it, being affrighted because they cried out to him. Then Telemachus spake to him threatening—

"Father, bring hither the bow; soon shalt thou rue it, that thou servest many masters. Take heed lest I pursue thee to the field, and pelt thee with stones, for in might I am the better."

And all the Wooers laughed sweetly at him. Then the swineherd bare the bow to wise Odysseus, and set it in his hands. And he called out Eurycleia and told her to bar the doors of the hall, and to bid the women abide where they were in their place.

And Philoetius hastened forth silently and barred the gates, making them fast with the cable of a carved ship, fashioned of the byblus plant, which he found beneath the corridor. Then he went and sat him on the settle whence he had risen and gazed at Odysseus. He was already handling the bow and proving it, lest the worm might have eaten the horns away when the lord of the bow was absent. And then men spake, looking each man to his neighbour—

"Verily he has a good eye and a shrewd turn for a bow, in such wise does he turn it hither and thither in his hands, this evil-witted beggar."

So spake the Wooers, but Odysseus, rich in counsel, had lifted the great bow and viewed it on every side; and even as a man that is skilled in the lyre easily stretches a cord about a new peg, even so Odysseus straightway bent the great bow, all without effort, and proved the bow-string, which rang sweetly at the touch, in tone like a swallow. Then great grief came upon the Wooers, and the colour of their countenance was changed,

and Zeus thundered loud, showing forth his tokens.

Then he took up a swift arrow which lay by his table, and laid on the bridge of the bow, and drew the string, even from the settle whereon he sat, and with straight aim shot the shaft, which missed not one of the axes; and the barb, beginning at the first ring, came out at the last. And he spake to his son—

"Telemachus, thy guest does thee no shame. In nowise did I miss the mark, nor was I wearied with long bending of the bow."

Then Odysseus, rich in counsel, stripped him of his rags and leaped on to the great threshold with his bow and quiver and poured forth the swift shafts before his feet, and spake among the Wooers—

"Lo! now is this terrible trial ended at last; and now I will make for another mark, which never yet man has smitten."

With that he pointed the bitter arrow at Antinous. Now he was raising to his lips a fair twy-eared chalice of [illegible] and behold he

was handling it to drink of the wine, for death was far from his thoughts. But Odysseus smote him with the arrow in the throat, and the point passed clean out through his delicate neck, and he fell back and the cup dropped from his hand.

Then the Wooers raised a clamour, when they saw the man fallen, and they leaped from their high seats, stirred by fear, peering everywhere along the well-builded walls, and nowhere was there a shield or a mighty spear to lay hold on. Then they reviled Odysseus with angry words—

"Stranger, thou dost ill to shoot at men. Thou hast slain the best of all the youths that are in Ithaca, wherefore vultures shall devour thee." Then Odysseus loured on them and spake—

"Ye dogs, ye said in your hearts that I should never return from Troy, in that ye wasted my house and traitorously wooed my wife, while I was yet alive."

And Eurymachus alone answered him—

"If thou art indeed Odysseus, with right thou speakest [illegible] of all the infatuate deeds

that the Achaians have wrought in thy halls and in the field. Howbeit, he now lies dead that is to blame for all, Antinous; for he brought all these things to pass; not as longing greatly for the marriage, but that he might himself be king over all the land of Ithaca. And we will make good to thee all that we have eaten and drunken in thy halls."

Then Odysseus, rich in counsel, looked askance at him and said—

"Eurymachus, not even if ye gave me all your heritage would I hold my hands from slaying, till I have paid back the suitors for all their transgressions."

Then their knees were loosened and their hearts melted within them, and Eurymachus spake again—

"Friends, it is plain that this man will not hold his unconquerable hands, but will shoot till he has killed us all."

Then he drew his sharp two-edged sword of bronze and leapt on Odysseus with a terrible cry; but in the same moment goodly Odysseus shot the arrow and struck him in

the breast. So he let the sword fall from his hand, and grovelling over the tables he bowed and fell.

Then Amphinomus made at the renowned Odysseus, but Telemachus was beforehand with him, and smote him from behind with a bronze-shod spear between the shoulders; and he left the long spear in Amphinomus, and came quickly to his father and spake—

"Father, I will bring thee a shield and two spears and a helmet, and I will arm myself and the swineherd and the neatherd."

And Odysseus answered: "Run and bring them while I have arrows to defend me."

Now Odysseus, as long as he had arrows to defend him, smote the Wooers one by one, and they fell thick upon one another. But when the arrows failed, he girt his four-fold shield about him, and bound on his mighty head a well-wrought helmet, and terribly the plume waved aloft. And he grasped two mighty spears.

Now Melanthius the goatherd, who sided with the Wooers, climbed up by the windows of the hall to [illegible] ner chamber of Odysseus,

whence he took twelve shields and as many spears, and gave them to the Wooers. Then the knees of Odysseus were loosened when he saw them girding on their armour and brandishing the long spears, and he spake winged words—

"Telemachus, sure I am that one of the women is stirring up an evil war against us, or is it perchance Melanthius?"

Then wise Telemachus answered—

"It is I that have erred therein, for I left the door of the well-fitted chamber open. Go now, goodly Eumæus, and close the door, and mark who it is that does this mischief."

And Melanthius the goatherd went yet again to the chamber, but the goodly swineherd was aware thereof and came to Odysseus, and Odysseus spake to him—

"Verily I and Telemachus will hold the proud Wooers at bay, but do ye twain, the swineherd and the goatherd, tie the feet of Melanthius, and his upper limbs behind his back, and make fast to his body a twisted rope and drag him up to the lofty pillar that he may hang there and li[illegible]r long."

And so they did, and Eumæus girded at him.

And they twain got into their harness and closed the shining doors, and went to Odysseus their crafty chief. There they stood by the threshold, four men breathing fury, while those others in the halls were many and good warriors. Then Athene, daughter of Zeus, drew nigh to them like Mentor in fashion and in voice, and Odysseus was glad.

But Agelaus, on the side of the Wooers, shouted and said—

"Mentor, let not Odysseus beguile thee, or when we have slain father and son, we will mingle all thy possessions with the wealth of Odysseus, and with thine own head thou shalt pay the price."

And Athene was yet more wroth, and chid Odysseus, saying—

"Odysseus, thou hast no more might nor any prowess as when for nine years thou didst battle with the Trojans for high-born Helen 'of the white arms.'"

She spake, [illegible] him not clear victory

in full, that she might make trial of the might of Odysseus and Telemachus. As for her she flew up to the roof-timbers of the murky hall, in such fashion as a swallow flies, and there sat down.

And now Agelaus, son of Damastor, urged on the Wooers, and spake—

"Lo! now Mentor is gone, let us not throw our long spears altogether, but do ye six cast first." So he spake, and the six cast their javelins; but behold Athene so wrought that they were all in vain.

Then Odysseus spake among them—

"Friends, my word is that we too cast and hurl into the press of the Wooers." And they all took good aim, and Odysseus smote Demoptolemus, and Telemachus smote Euryades, and the swineherd slew Elatus, and the neatherd Peisandrus.

Then once more the Wooers threw their sharp spears, yet Athene wrought that many of them were in vain.

Then again Odysseus, the wise and crafty, and his men cast into the press of the Wooers, and slew many of the [illegible], and last the

neatherd struck Ctesippus in the breast, and jeered him. Then Athene held up her destroying ægis on high from the roof, and their minds were scared, and they fled like a drove of kine that the flitting gadfly falls upon and scatters hither and thither. And the company of Odysseus set upon the Wooers and smote them right and left through the halls.

But the son of Terpes, Phemius the minstrel, who sang among the Wooers, sprang forward and seized Odysseus by the knees, and spake winged words—

"I entreat thee by thy knees, Odysseus, to show mercy and have pity. It will be a sorrow to thyself in the after-time, if thou slayest me who am a minstrel and sing before gods and men."

And Odysseus smiled on him and said: "Go forth from the halls and sit down in the court apart from the slaughter."

So he went forth and sat down by the altar of the great Zeus.

And Odysseus peered all through the house, to see [illegible] man was yet alive and

hiding. But he found all the host of them fallen in their blood, like fishes that the fisherman has drawn forth in his net from out the gray sea, and all the fish, sore longing for the salt sea waves, are heaped upon the sand—so now the Wooers lay heaped upon each other.

Then Odysseus, rich in counsel, spake to Telemachus: "Go call me the nurse Eurycleia." And Telemachus obeyed his dear father, and he smote at the door and spake to the nurse—

"Up now, aged wife, that overlookest all the women in the house; my father calls thee."

So he spake, and his word, unwinged, abode with her. And she came forth and found Odysseus among the bodies of the dead. And she made ready to cry aloud for joy. But Odysseus checked her saying—

"Within thine own heart rejoice, old nurse, and cry not aloud, for it is an unholy thing to boast over slain men."

Then the old wife went to tell the faithful among the women and to hasten their coming. So they came fo[illegible] with torches in

their hands and embraced Odysseus and kissed and clasped his head and shoulders and his hands lovingly, and a sweet longing came on him to weep and moan, for he remembered them every one.

And the ancient woman went to the upper chamber laughing aloud, and her knees moved fast for joy, and her feet stumbled one over the other, and she stood above her lady's head and spake—

"Awake, Penelope, my dear child, that thou mayst see what thou desirest day by day. Odysseus hath come and has slain all the suitors that troubled his house and devoured his substance."

Then wise Penelope answered—

"Dear nurse, the gods have made thee distraught. Why dost thou mock me, who have a spirit full of sorrow, that thou mayest speak these wild words. Go up now, and get thee back to the women's chamber; for if any other of the maids had wakened me from sleep, straightway would I have sent her back right rudely; but this time thine age shall stand thee [illegible]d stead."

Then the good nurse answered her: "I mock thee not, dear child, but in very deed Odysseus is here. He is that guest on whom all men wrought such dishonour in the halls, and long ago Telemachus was ware of him."

Then Penelope was glad and leaped from her bed and fell on the old woman's neck, and let fall the tears from her eyelids, and spake to her winged words—

"Come, dear nurse, tell me all the truth, how he hath laid his hands on the shameless Wooers, being but one man against so many."

Then Eurycleia answered her—

"I saw not, I wist not, only I heard the groaning of men slain. And we sat, fast shut in the room till thy son called me from the hall. Then I found Odysseus standing among the slain, all stained like a lion with blood and soil of battle."

But when wise Penelope came within, she sat down over against Odysseus in the light of the fire. Now he was sitting by the tall pillar waiting to see whether his noble wife would speak to him. ... she sat long in

silence, and knew him not for that he was clad in vile raiment.

And Telemachus rebuked her—

"Mother mine, ill mother, of an ungentle heart, why turnest thou away from my father and dost not question him and ask him all? No other woman would harden her heart to stand thus aloof from her husband, who after much travail and sore had come to her in the twentieth year. But thy heart is ever harder than stone."

And wise Penelope answered—

"Child, my mind is amazed, and I have no strength to speak. But if this be indeed Odysseus we shall be ware of each other, for we have tokens that we twain know, secret from others."

And the patient goodly Odysseus smiled, and spake to Telemachus winged words—

"Leave now thy mother to make trial of me, so shall she soon come to a better knowledge."

Then Odysseus spake again—

"Yea now, I will tell on what wise methinks it is best. [illegible] go to the bath and

array you in your doublets, and bid the maidens take to them their garments. Then let the divine minstrel with his loud lyre in hand lead off the measure of the mirthful dance. So shall any wayfarer say that it is a wedding-feast; and thus the slaughter of the Wooers shall not yet be noised abroad through the town."

So they went to the bath, and the women were apparalled, and the divine minstrel took the hollow harp, and aroused in them the desire of sweet song, and of the happy dance. And whoso heard it from without would say—

"Surely some one has wedded the Queen of many Wooers. Hard of heart she was, nor had the courage to keep the great house of her gentle lord till he should come home."

Meanwhile Eurynome had bathed the great-hearted Odysseus, and anointed him with olive oil, and cast about him a goodly mantle and a doublet. Moreover, Athene shed great beauty from his head downwards, and made him greater and more mighty to behold; and from [illegible] head caused deep

curling locks to flow. Then he went and sat down on his high seat and spake to his wife—

"Strange lady, to thee above all womankind the Olympians have given a heart that cannot be softened."

Then wise Penelope answered him—

"I have no proud thoughts, nor do I think scorn of thee. But I know what manner of man thou wert when thou wentest forth from Ithaca. But come, Eurycleia, spread for him the good bedstead outside the bridal chamber."

So she spake, but Odysseus in sore displeasure spake to his true wife—

"Verily, a bitter word hast thou spoken! Who has set my bed otherwise? Of men there is none living that could easily raise it by force, for a great marvel is wrought in the fashion of the bed, and it was I that made it and no other."

Then the goodly patient Odysseus described to her how he had fashioned the bed with his own hands having built it round a trunk of olive m f growth within

the inner court, with a stem as large as a pillar.

Then her knees were loosened and her heart melted as she knew the sure tokens which Odysseus showed her. And she broke out weeping, and ran up to him and cast her hands about his neck and kissed his head and spake—

"Murmur not against me, Odysseus! It is the gods that have given us sorrow, who were jealous that we should abide together and have joy of our youth. So now be not angry with me that I did not welcome thee. For ever my heart shuddered lest some man should come and deceive me."

Thus she spake, and in his heart she stirred a greater longing to lament, and he wept as he embraced his own true wife. And even as the sight of land is welcome to swimmers whose well-wrought ship Poseidon hath smitten, so welcome to her was the sight of her lord, and her white arms would never quite leave hold of his neck.

And when they had well rested Odysseus spake to his de[illegible] g—

"Lady, we have not even yet come to the issues of our labours. But let us take delight in telling each other all the tale of what had befallen us." Then he told her all his adventures. At the last word of the tale sweet sleep came on him suddenly, sleep that loosens the limbs of men, unknitting the cares of his soul.

When gray-eyed Athene conceived that Odysseus had taken his fill of sleep, she aroused from out Oceanus the golden throned Dawn to bear light to men. Then Odysseus rose from his soft bed and laid this charge on his wife—

"Now I go to the well-wooded field to see my good Father. And this charge I lay on thee. Quickly will the cry go forth concerning the Wooers, whom I slew in the halls."

Therewith he girded on his goodly armour, and bid Telemachus call the swineherd and the goatherd, and bade them take weapons of war in their hands.

Then Odysseus [illegible] near to the fruitful vineyard of his F[illegible]d-like Laertes.

And he found his father alone on the terraced vineyard, digging about a plant. He was clothed in a filthy doublet, patched and unseemly, with clouted leggings of ox-hide bound about his knees against the scratches of the thorns, and long sleeves over his hands by reason of the brambles, and on his head he wore a goat's-skin cap, and so he nursed his sorrow.

Now when the patient goodly Odysseus saw his Father thus wasted with age and in great grief of heart, he stood still beneath a tall pear-tree and let fall a tear. But for all that he did not make himself known, but devised a tale, saying that he had once entertained the wandering Odysseus, and given him very costly gifts.

Then his Father answered weeping: "Thou art verily come to the home of that Odysseus, Ithaca, but thy gifts, thy countless gifts to him thou didst bestow in vain; and him the fishes, it may be, have devoured in the deep sea, or on the shore he has fallen the prey of birds and beasts. Nor did his bride whom men sought with ri[illegible] gifts, the steadfast Penelope, bew[illegible]on the bier."

So spake the old man, and felt a cloud of sorrow. With both his hands he clutched the dust and ashes, and poured them on his gray head, groaning heavily. Then the heart of Odysseus was moved, and up through his nostrils throbbed anon the keen sting of sorrow. And he sprang towards him, and fell on his neck and kissed him, saying—

"Behold, I am here, even I, my father, for whom thou weepest, and I am come to my own. But stay thy weeping and I will tell thee all."

"First, look on the scar that the boar drave with his white tusk on Parnassus. Then I will tell thee the trees through all the terraced gardens, which thou gavest me for mine own, being but a little child, and following thee through the garden. Pear-trees thirteen thou gavest me, and ten apple-trees, and figs two score, and fifty rows of vines."

So spake he, and straightway the knees of Laertes were loosened, and his heart melted within him, as he kn the sure tokens that his dear son show e cast his arms

about the patient goodly Odysseus, and caught him to his breast. And he spake—

"Father Zeus, verily ye gods yet bear sway on high Olympus, if indeed the Wooers have paid for their infatuate pride. But now my heart is terribly afraid lest all the men of Ithaca come up against us here."

Then Odysseus, rich in counsel, answered him—

"Take courage, and let not thy heart be anxious about these things. But come, let us go to the house, for I sent Telemachus and the swineherd and the goatherd to get ready the meal."

Meanwhile the Sicilian handmaid had bathed high-hearted Laertes. And Athene drew near and made greater the limbs of the shepherd of the people, and made him taller and mightier to behold, and his dear son marvelled at him, beholding him like to the deathless gods in presence.

Then they all sat down and busied themselves with the meal in the halls.

Now Rumour, the messenger, went swiftly all about the [illegible]e tale of the dire

death of the Wooers. And the people heard it all at once, and thronged from every side with sighing and groaning before the house of Odysseus; and they brought forth the dead from the halls, and then all fared to the assembly place. There Eupeithes, father of the slain Antinous, made harangue, weeping—

"Friends, a great deed hath Odysseus devised against the Achaians; many men and noble he led away in his ships, and has utterly lost the ships and the folk of his company. Up now before he gets him swiftly away to Pylos or to Elis."

Then Medon, wise of heart, spake among them—

"Hearken to *me*, ye men of Ithaca, for surely Odysseus did not plan these deeds without the will of the gods. Now, I myself beheld a god immortal, who stood hard by Odysseus, cheering him and scaring the Wooers."

Thus he spake, and pale fear fell upon all of them. But they [illegible]ut up with a great cry, and the more [illegible]d the word of

Eupeithes and rushed for their arms. And when they had arrayed them in shining armour of bronze, they assembled in front of the spacious town. And Eupeithes led them, for he hoped to avenge his son Antinous.

And the son of Dolius went forth, and quickly returned, saying: "Here they be close upon us. Quick to arms."

Then they arose and arrayed them in their harness, Odysseus and his men being four, and the six sons of Dolius, and likewise Laertes and Dolius, gray-headed as they were, warriors through stress of need.

And the goodly Odysseus spake to Telemachus—

"Telemachus, soon shalt thou learn *this*, namely not to bring shame on thy father's house."

And Telemachus answered—

"Thou shalt see me, dear father, in this my mood, no whit disgracing thy line."

And Laertes was glad, and spake—

"What a day has dawned for me! Yea, a glad man am I! My son and my son's son are vying with [illegible] [illegible] in valour."

And the gray-eyed Athene stood beside Laertes, and spake—

"Oh son of Arcesius, that art far the dearest of all my friends, pray to the gray-eyed maid and to Father Zeus, then swing up thy long spear and hurl it straightway."

Therewith Pallas Athene breathed great strength into him, and he hurled his long spear, and smote Eupeithes through his casque with the cheek-piece of bronze, and he fell with a crash, and his arms rattled.

And pale fear gat hold of all, and they fell to the ground. To the city they turned their steps, and Odysseus with a terrible cry hurled in on them like an eagle. Then in that hour the son of Cronos cast forth a flaming bolt, and it fell at the feet of the gray-eyed goddess, the daughter of the mighty sire.

Then the gray-eyed one spoke to Odysseus, saying—

"Son of Laertes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, refrain thee now and stay the strife of even-handed wars, lest perchance Zeus of the far-borne voice be angry with thee

So spake Athene, and he obeyed and was glad at heart.

And thereafter Pallas Athene set a covenant between them with sacrifice—she the daughter of Zeus, lord of the ægis, in the likeness of Mentor, both in fashion and in voice.

THE END

QUESTIONS

1. State what you know of the following persons: Eurylochus, Elpenor, Euryalus, Melantho

2. Draw a map on which can be traced the journey of Odysseus from Troy to his home

3. Describe, in your own words, the fight between Odysseus and Irus

4. "Like men spearing fishes they bear home their hideous meal." To what event do these words refer?

5. Give instances from this book of the fondness of men for animals

6. Describe the home of Æolus

7. Describe, in your own words, a meal of Odysseus and his companions

8. What nouns are qualified by the following "of the braided tresses," "rosy fingered," "of the fair hair," "master of men," "girdler of the Earth," "slayer of Argos"

9. Draw a picture of Polyphemus

10. How would a modern book of science describe Charybdis?

11. How did Helios prove a cause of the misfortune of Odysseus?

12. Who was Eurycleia? How did she recognize Odysseus?

SUGGESTED SUBJECTS FOR SHORT ESSAYS

1 What do you consider the best kind of adventure?

2 Write a short defence of the "cunning" of Odysseus.

3 Did Odysseus really exist?

4 Can anything be said in defence of Polyphemus?

5 "Odysseus, straightway, bent the great bow." Describe your feelings if you had been Antinous.

6 Was Telemachus a worthy son of Odysseus?

7 Did Odysseus, in any way, resemble the old English buccaneers?

8 Which helped Odysseus most—his cunning or his courage?

9 Would you like to have been the cabin boy of Odysseus?

10 Select and describe the most pathetic incident in the book.

11 Which is the more interesting—Odysseus at sea, or Odysseus ashore?

12 "The beautiful Palace of Circé." Describe the dwelling and Circé, in your own words.

HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

We suggest the following books for study or reference.

1. Chapman's *Homer*.

2. Butcher and Lang's prose translation of the *Odyssey* (with an interesting preface).

3. *Growth and Influence of Greek Poetry*. Jebb.

4. *Introduction to Homer*. Jebb.

5. Boys, who read this book, would do well to become acquainted with other books which deal with *adventures*. *Robinson Crusoe* should come first. *Hereward the Wake* would be a good second. *Lorna Doone* owes much to the *Odyssey*, and is an English Classic. Many of Scott's novels (the best of English Classics in this sphere) are permeated by the Homeric touch. Stevenson's *Treasure Island* is the most recent and popular book which can be described as partaking of the Homeric atmosphere.

INDEX

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